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Poetry.

For the Blade.

THE BEER MAN RATTLING BY THE DOOR.

BY MATTIE FLAGG CAMPBELL.

I love each country sight and sound;
I dearly love the strip of way
That passes by, and winds around,
In pebbled smoothness far away,

Beyond my home; the trees o'er head,
That cast their cooling shadows o'er
The traveler. Yet Oh I dread
The beer man rattling by the door.

His carriage glitters in the sun,
The shining shoes scarce touch the sand
Of his black steed, as fleet they run;
He sits and never moves a hand.

Yet how he paints; ah me! such skill,
I never saw, or dreamed before;
Pictures that make my heart stand still;
That beer man rattling by my door.

Where all was glad and bright and free,
And innocent as Eden's day;
One moment, and again I see
Such pictures, that I turn away.

Faces hard drawn with lines of pain,
And eyes which speak the tale oft heard
Of crushed ambition, with its train
Of hearts grown sick, and hopes defarred.

The sights I see I cannot tell,
Of want and rags, and poverty
Of purse and brain. The doom of hell
Seems battling for the mastery.

Behold I, here, a hand all stained
And dripping, warm with brother's gore!
Who stamped him with the mark of Cain?
The beer man rattling by the door!

I see a strong and sturdy frame
Crushed by a mighty engine's power;
I hear a fond wife sob his name,
And children's tears fall in a shower.

Yet unconcerned he sits, the air
Is filling fast, and while I look
Upon the picture painted there,
And read them like an open book,

They change; the figures are withdrawn,
For all that cursed and cursing van
Step slowly down and follow him,
A ghastly, sickly caravan.

The carriage glitters on, amid;
While every hoof that beats the sod
Flings dust upon a coffin lid,
Or sends a spirit home to God.

Judgments alone belong to Him,
Oh, Father, God! may these depart!
But send one touch that is akin
To human feeling in the heart!

I love each country sight and sound;
I love each soul God watches o'er;
Yet dread, till dead and under ground,
The beer man rattling by the door.

For the Blade.

OCTOBER MUSINGS.

BY A. S. MCCOY.

I sit me here beneath the pines,
And muse o'er summer's glories flown,
But feel no cheer—the sun that shines
Seems not the sun of summer gone.

The chanted air, the wind that flies
Along the dear familiar vale,
Hath rougher voice than summer's sighs,
More broken in its mournful wail.

The forest trees, of varied leaf,
In spring so fresh, in summer gay,
Are fading now, and murmur grief,
At what they were, and are to-day.

The later flowers, the asters bright,
That wanton sport their gaudy charms
All through the vale, in dreamy light,
Seem out of place in autumn's arms.

Perhaps 'tis well for youth and age
To mingle with each other here;
For flowers bright to mark the page
Of Autumn's volume, stale and sere.

The raptured hours that summer gave,
Her balmy breath at eve and morn,
Her twilight scenes on land and wave,
Hath spirits now, from autumn born.

The smoky haze that crowns the hills,
And shrouds the valley's stretch afar,
Where sleep the songs of brooks and rills,
Whose thirsty beds faint rifles mar.

The katydids and crickets chirp,
And insect voices full of gloom,
(That summer song birds' place usurp)
Seem dirges sung of nature's doom.

The luscious fruit that orchards drop,
And pumpkins thick, 'mid yellow corn,
And ripen'd clover—second crop—
From rural meadows lately shorn.

And squirrels brisk among the trees,
That here and there for nuts explore,
And children's voices on the breeze,
Gathering, too, for winter's store.

Tell summer's gone and autumn reigns,
Transient crowned, on Nature's throne;
Rich from garnered fruits and grains,
Sombre-visaged, sad and lone.

O! may the changing seasons speak,
With warning voice, to every heart,
And teach of death and winter bleak,
Ere both autumn both depart.

Springboro, Pa.

For the Blade.

HE KISSED THE WRONG ONE.

BY CARRIE E. PETERMAN.

I wandered by the brook one day
In meditative mood,
And dwelt upon the beauty there
In blissful solitude.

I thought if I could only see
My sweetest Bessie there
A walking by my side with me,
The world would seem more fair.

But scarce the thought had shaped it,
When through the trees I spy
Something that makes my pulses bound
And joy beam from my eye.

With calico sunbonnet on,
And dainty homespun frock,
My love is sitting gracefully
Upon a moss-grown rock.

I silently steal up behind,
My arms around her throw,
Then kisses press both thick and fast
On lip and cheek and brow.

A cuff on my devoted head,
An'ther and another;
I gave one glance, then straightway fled
I'd kissed my Bessie's mother!

Our Story Teller.

"THAT TRAMP."

"Why, Ella, child, what have you been doing?" exclaimed Mrs. Winters, raising her hands and eyebrows in mild surprise, as a slight, blue-eyed girl entered the breakfast room with a huge armful of flowers. Great crimson roses mingled their dark loveliness with pure white buds, and rich velvet pansies lay half hidden, in a tangle of heliotrope and smilax.

"These are for Willie, mamma," replied her daughter, as she laid her precious burden on a table, and picking out a yellow rosebud, which well deserved its name, "gold of ophir," pinned it lovingly on her mother's bosom—an act which immediately disarmed her of all anger, Ella's occasional depredations among the flowers being a cause of serious disquiet to the good old lady.

Mrs. Winters had been a widow for many years, her husband—a California pioneer—having, in mining parlance, "passed in his checks," leaving her in comfortable circumstances. Mother and daughter lived in quiet seclusion, seldom appearing in society, and Ella, at 18, was as sweet and innocent as the flowers, which verily seemed kith and kin of her own.

They had few relatives. Mrs. Winters sometimes spoke of a cousin who lived away up in the mining districts, whose family she had never seen, and Ella was secretly in love with a handsome, bold face which looked at her saucily from an old daguerreotype case upon the mantelpiece, whose laughing mouth she had often furtively kissed, and wondered if she would ever see him. And now, oh! joyful news, there was a letter from John Gaynor, saying that his eldest boy, Willie, would pay them a visit. "I trust, dear Margaret," ran the letter, "that he will be the link which shall again unite the chain of our old-time friendship." Ella was very happy; at least she would see her girlish ideal. To her fervid imagination he must be a pleasant realization of the "honest miner," whose primitive habits and manner are so graphically described by Twain and Miller. To-day was undoubtedly the very happiest in her life. The sun never seemed so bright, the very flowers appeared to have gained more radiant colors, and certainly emitted a stronger and sweeter perfume. The glamour of loving expectation enveloped and beautified all things in her eyes. This post is sure to bring a letter apprising them of the time his train would arrive. Ella pays but little attention to her breakfast, and frequently casts an expectant look toward the window. She is rewarded at last by the appearance of the gray coated postman, whose homely but good natured face looks positively handsome in her eyes this particular morning. With a dexterous twist of finger and thumb, begotten of long practice, he sends a letter flying up the garden path, and as Ella runs lightly to meet him it lands softly and significantly against her lips, and drops at her feet, when she picks it up with a blush which put all the pretentious pink flowers in the garden to shame.

The letter is for her this time, the first she has ever received from her cousin, and her hands tremble as she tears open the envelope. She walks back slowly through the garden, and as Mrs. Winters comes to the window she is just in time to see the joyous look die out of the bright face, and an expression of deep disappointment settle upon it.

"Oh, mamma, Willie says he cannot leave for a month yet. I'm so sorry."

There was a touch of cadence after the "sorry" which would have been very sweet music to Mr. Willie Gaynor's ears could he have heard it. A big sigh accompanied her words as she looked regretfully at the flowers which had been gathered especially for him, and which now seemed to droop their lovely heads in unison with her sorrow.

But young hearts are made of strong material, and blithesome Ella was soon absorbed in her household duties, and now not a shade of trouble appeared upon the smiling face.

Let not my readers find fault with Miss Ella when I disclose the fact that she had a strong penchant for pet dogs. They were her playmates and faithful protectors in childhood, and all the dignity of young ladyhood lacked power to wean her affection from them now. Great shaggy fellows with affectionate, brown eyes were her special favorites, but every canine, from the puny pug to the slim and graceful greyhound, found a place in her affections. They had, as she herself expressed it, "afforded solid comfort and consolation" all her life, and she never had the least occasion to find fault with them until to-day, when her most particular pet covered her with shame and humiliation.

This is how it happened: Donning her large sunhat, and calling her pet Nigger and a smaller satellite named Ruby, she sailed forth for her usual evening walk, which eventually ended in a race or scramble on the way home. All went well until Nigger encountered a casual acquaintance in the shape of a pugilistic looking black cur, who was evidently on the war path. He sniffed around Nigger, which proceeding must in dog language have meant a challenge, for Nigger, to his eternal disgrace, immediately threw down the glove, so to speak (lending the while a very unwilling ear to the agonized entreaties of his young mistress), wavered a moment and then went for his opponent with a vim that promised to make things lively all round. Ruby made a few spasmodic dashes toward the combatants, but deeming prudence the better part of valor in this instance, sat down at a safe distance and watched the fight uneasily. Miss Ella was in despair, and looked around in vain for assistance; espying a stick she picked it up and poked aimlessly in a futile effort to separate the angry animals. She had just given up the attempt when, to her great relief, a man appeared on the scene. He was grimy and ragged, but she took no notice of that, and begged him earnestly to save her pet from the monster who was seemingly bent on devouring him. An amused smile flickered around the man's mouth for an instant as he looked at her, then, grasping a dog with each hand, he flung one of them clear over the fence, and was about to fling the other in an opposite direction when Ella grasped him by the coat-sleeve and claimed her pet, all dirty and disgraced as he was.

"I'm sure I'm very grateful, indeed," stammered our distressed heroine, as she held out her hand toward the stranger with some money. To her astonishment he took no notice of her action, and, lifting his hat with a grace which would have done honor to a Chesterfield, walked quickly out of sight.

A few days after that identical tramp—in truth, he looked a typical specimen of the tramp, from his shirt-button, conspicuous by its absence, his dirty shoes—called at the cottage. Now, Mrs. Winter's pet aversion was a tramp; the very name suggested visions of murder, fire, and robbery. When, perchance, she did give employment to such people, it was under the pressure of some stern necessity, and always with fear and trepidation.

"He wanted some kind of work, m'm," that was the tenor of Jane's message from the kitchen. A hurried and anxious consultation with that ancient and worthy domestic disclosed the fact that the "kindling was most out." Relying upon the assurance of the intrepid Jane, who promised to keep an eye on him, she was told to show him to the wood pile. Later on Jane set him down to dinner in the kitchen, and, acting upon prearrangement, took the liberty of giving Mrs. Winters a wink, whereupon that wise and cautious woman ensconced herself behind a convenient ambush and proceeded to study Mr. Tramp.

For the first time in her life her opinion wavered. The cap which half concealed his face when she had first seen him was now laid aside, disclosing to view a broad, white forehead, surrounded by a handsome crop of brown curls. His face was sunburnt, but there was no mistaking the beauty in every line of it—a youthful face with not even the shadow of a mustache to hide the clear-cut, refined mouth. She came and saw, and was almost conquered. There could be nothing bad, she argued, in that comely young face. She had seen honest brown eyes like these before, somewhere. He certainly could not be one of the class which she detested so much. Yes she would get him to give the flower-garden a hand, also.

They are busy every day now among the flowers and weeds, Ella and Mrs. Winters taking a hand. The "tramp" proves a valuable acquisition. His taste and knowledge anent matters horticultural surprises them. He preserves a stolid silence, except when spoken to, and to Ella's surprise never once recalled the incident of the dog fight. Owing to her secluded life, Ella Winters's ideas of men and things were mostly gathered through the medium of the modern novel; therefore she could not be blamed if her imaginative mind found ample exercise in the study of this brown-eyed youth who so badly played the role of tramp. His age might be 21 or 22, and an expression that crept over his face sometimes in a furtive manner reminded her of the pictured face upon the mantelpiece.

"What do you think of our gardener, now, mamma?" inquired Ella over her teacup one morning.

"My dear, I think he is just splendid," answered her mother, looking radiantly through her glasses at Ella.

"What do you think I found him doing yesterday?" went on Ella with a peculiar smile.

Mrs. Winters looked up now with a shade of alarm upon her face. Was she wrong after all to allow herself to be so easily divested of her fears? But her anxiety was allayed by the smile upon Ella's face. "I surprised him reading this, mamma," holding up a pocket edition of "Les Miserables" in triumph. "In French, too," continued Ella, nodding her little head in a wise manner.

Ella is helping him to tie up some rose bushes to-day, and tries to draw him into conversation. His usually reticent manner changes a little, and he astonishes her by his knowledge of books and their authors. His language and manner evince the greatest taste and culture, but he soon checks himself, as if by an effort, and relapses into almost sullen silence. To her surprise he came to the parlor window one day and presented her with an exquisite half-blown rose, and she accepted it from this handsome vagabond with as much grace and thanks as if it had been given by a prince, aye, and blushed, too, under his gaze, as she pinned it in her bosom. Willie Gaynor is expected in a week, but there is little said about his coming, and Ella seems to have lost much of the fervor with which she had awaited his promised arrival a month ago. A great change had come "o'er the spirit of her dream" in that one short month, and she dared not question her heart, which even now could tell her a strange story could it give voice to the truth.

Mrs. Winters, whose fears had been sleeping all this time, began to feel some slight qualms of conscience, and was glad when the work of improving the garden was nearly at an end. Just now she is holding a serious consultation with Jane in the kitchen regarding the advisability of dispensing with the "hired man." "Things are in the best of order," Jane averred, winding up with an emphatic assurance of his being to her mind a perfect gentleman, never asking a question, and always speaking to her (Jane) as if she were "a born lady."

The warmth of the girl's defense showed plainly enough that he had captured that side of the citadel.

Willie Gaynor's arrival is close at hand. Ella was restless and nervous to-day, and resorted to the invariable panacea for all her troubles—the dogs. Calling Nigger and Ruby she held up a warning forefinger, and administered a lecture upon the evils arising from fighting with strangers. Nigger and Ruby winked in an apologetic manner, and wagged their tails in a way suggestive of comprehension and compliance, and Ella bravely tried to divest her mind of tramps, troubles, and cousins for the nonce. She walked quickly, her nerves at their highest tension, until she became oblivious of time or distance. Even Nigger and Ruby showed signs of weariness, and looked up appealingly to their young mistress, who as yet showed no sign of returning. She was walking down a steep incline, an old waterhouse, where rough stones and fragments of rock made every step hazardous. She was in deep thought, and, taking little heed of her surroundings, stepped upon a bowlder, which looked firmly enough imbedde in the ground. It turned treacherously, and she was thrown heavily forward. In attempting to rise she found to her dismay that her ankle was sprained.

There was little prospect of help in that desolate place, and she wondered despairingly what would become of her. In her extremity she clung to Nigger, who whined piteously in sympathy with her. As if he realized the helplessness of the case, he soon changed his whine to a dismal and prolonged howl, which was—had he known it—the most effectual mode of assistance he could have rendered, for it luckily reached the ears of a solitary person who was about to betake himself to his quarters for the night. For a moment he stood still. Again came the melancholy wail, this time more distinctly on the night breeze. He started quickly in the direction of the sound, and was soon beside our unlucky heroine, who looked up gratefully to find the tramp bending over her.

"Oh! I'm so glad you came," she began, brokenly, "I think I should have died here all alone."

"You are hurt?" he asked with tender compassion in his voice, as he knelt beside her and lifted her to an easier position with a womanly tenderness in his touch that filled her with a sense of rest and protection. She was absolutely obliged to lean against him. No thought of her compromised dignity ever entered her head. Looking up at him wonderingly she noted now a great contrast between him and her whilom gardener.

Together they discussed the best means of getting home. She suggested that he go to the cottage for the basket carriage, to which he agreed after some remonstrance. Then she illogically refused to be alone, and finally consented to be carried home in his arms.

If there is any one virtue in this mundane sphere of ours sufficient in itself to make a saint, it is the self-abnegation of the ordinary young man who could bear such a precious burden for fully two miles, and not-tighten his hold even the smallest perceptible bit. Whether Ella took this fact into consideration or not transpire, but when he laid her tenderly and almost reverently upon her mother's lounge a little later she thanked him with a look in her eyes which spoke plainer than words her deep respect for him.

Willie Gaynor is coming to-morrow. Ella is confined to her bed. Mrs. Winters feels anxious and worried. Next morning Jane says that the "hired man" is not to be found, but at the same time declares that everything is in the best of order. Mrs. Winters draws a sigh of relief, and Ella says nothing. No one suggests a fresh flower for the parlor, and there is everything but a spirit of gladness in the house.

They have to carry Ella to the parlor lounge, where they prop her up with pillows. She looks like a sad, sweet picture, with her golden brown hair floating loosly, and forming a framework for the fair young face.

At 5 o'clock a grinding of wheels were heard on the gravel outside, and a minute later Mrs. Winters was holding out both hands to a tall, gray-haired man—Willie's father. The greeting over, he looked around as if expecting to see some one else, and at last, to every one's surprise, asked: "Where is Willie?"

"Just what I what I was going to ask you," replied Mrs. Winter.

"I suppose the young rascal will want an extension of leave," continued Mr. Gaynor, not seeming to notice Mrs. Winter's remark, and with a sly glance at Ella returned his glance with one of blank bewilderment, and while they were all looking askance at each other the door-bell received a very peremptory tug, which nearly startled them to their feet.

"That's his ring," said Mr. Gaynor; "he always will turn it into fire alarm."

Jane opened the door promptly, but stood rooted to the spot in astonishment as a young man stalked past her, and went, sans ceremony, toward the parlor door.

Then, returning to her domain in a sort of stupor which took away even the power of thought, she sank helpless into a chair. Meanwhile the cause of her perplexity was endeavoring to explain how his irrepressible love of adventure had prompted him to adopt the role of tramp, and trying to look as contrite as the laugh in his mischievous brown eyes would permit.

"I should have cautioned you against him Margaret," said Mr. Gaynor, trying to look severe. "I might have guessed that he would play some trick on you. Even his own father is not free from his jokes," continued the old man, trying to concentrate a ferocious glare on the culprit.

Mrs. Winters protested valiantly that "she knew him all the time." As for Ella, she just flashed one reproachful glance at him, and then buried a very crimson face among the pillows.

Willie Gaynor sat down beside her, made an unsuccessful effort to obtain her hand, and tried to read her face, which was not an easy task, owing to the different feelings which had been depicted thereon during the last half hour. But her heart, which had been eddying round in distress for the past month, was fast settling down to a sense of rest, and a great peace was stealing upon her. A little throb of vengeance marred this happiness. She registered a silent and determined little vow to have satisfaction for this joke, of which she had clearly been the victim.

"He shall never, never know that I cared for him; he shall not think that I fell in love with a tramp," she thought, with a determination which was clearly emphasized by the firm closing of the small, red lips, and her face grew crimson at her own thoughts.

"You will not send me away?" said Willie in a low tone, as he tried to take her hand. "I claim pardon on the merits of at least one good turn. What would have become of you if I had not been playing my role the evening of your accident? Even tramps can be useful sometimes," he added, with mock humility.

Her color came and went beneath his glance. She was sorely nonplussed—vanquished.

"Shall I go home with father to-morrow, Ella?" he inquired, looking straight into the eyes which vainly sought to evade him.

"You ought to," she replied petulantly, "You've lost a whole month for nothing, and scared us almost to death into the bargain."

"I don't think it was time lost," he answered musingly, half to himself. "And I think I saved *one* little girl from dire destruction."

"What will people think?" she went on, not deigning to notice his last words. "What will *Jane* say?" Here a faint smile betrayed itself around the corners of her mouth as the extreme ludicrousness of the situation became more apparent.

Young Mr. Gaynor made a desperate effort to assume a contrite expression, but at this juncture he laughed outright.

"As for Jane," he answered, "I think I have a stout ally there, and am sure that she at least will have none the less welcome for me."

There is little more to be said. The mischief-loving tramp had so far won his way into all heats at the cottage that he did not leave it until he carried away the owner of the most rebellious but withal the most lovable one.

Rather Mixed Relationship.

A queer case of mixed relationship is that of a widower and son who married a widow and her daughter, the son marrying the mother and the father the daughter. When the widower married the daughter he became father-in-law to the widow who was daughter-in-law; or in other words was father-in-law to his mother-in-law. His wife became the step mother of his son-in-law, who was in fact her half-brother, being the full son of his father, her husband. When the son married the widow he became the father in-law of his own father, because his wife was his father's wife's mother. By his marriage the son became the step-father of his step-mother, who was his step-daughter. The widow is not only the mother of her daughter, but also her daughter-in-law, and the daughter becomes her mother-in-law.

The widow is likewise the daughter-in-law of her husband's father, who, it will be remembered, is her son-in-law by reason of being her daughter's husband. By marrying the widow the son became the son-in-law of his mother, the wife of his father. The son became the father of his father's wife, his half-sister his own daughter, because she is the daughter of his own wife. The old gentleman, by his marriage with the daughter, became his son's wife's son-in-law, that lady likewise being his daughter-in-law, although being his wife's mother. The father's wife, as stepmother to his children, is therefore stepmother to her mother and stepfather, the latter being the son of her husband. If the union of the son and widow be blessed with a girl babe, the little one would ordinarily be the old gentleman's grandchild. In this instance, however—the old man being son-in-law to the son—he, in addition to being its grandfather, is a half brother to the infant, and the child is half sister to its grandmother. In case the daughter, who married the widower, should have a boy, he would at once become his grandmother's half brother and her brother-in law at the same time.

Bathing in Great Salt Lake.

As there is much misapprehension in regard to the effects of a bath in Great Salt Lake, I determined to try the experiment. There are three bathing places about sixteen miles from the city, reached after a ride over a strip of desert country on a narrow gauge road owned by the Union Pacific railroad company, all of the local officers and employes of which are Mormons. The location is certainly a charming one, and well worthy a visit. As a background, a high promontory of the Oquirrh range juts upward but a few hundred feet from the shore, while a long chain of the Wasatch range bounds the southern shore in a semicircular shape, fading away in the west until the distant peaks are blended with the shadows of the crags of Antelope Island, which rears aloft its jagged face directly in front. Scarcely a rippie disturbs the smooth surface of the dark green water, which stretches away as far as the eye can see. The places selected for bathing have a bottom of soft, white sand, the boundaries of the shallow water being marked by lines of rope, and extending out 200 or 300 feet. It is a strange sight to watch several hundred people taking a sea bath and coming out as dry as when they entered. To swallow a quantity of the water is to invite strangulation, but the head can be safely ducked under water provided the mouth and eyes are kept tightly closed. However, very few seem inclined to take these chances, and so the number who dive under are easily counted, but they prove that the danger is overestimated, and that the reported terrible effects of thorough immersion are the result of a baseless superstition, and have no existence in fact. A severe burning results from getting the water into the eyes, but frequent repetition accustoms the bathers to the strength of the saline solution, and the few who indulge in a genuine plunge do so with the utmost impunity. A novel spectacle is furnished by a long line of men and women, with hands interlocked, strung out over the water, floating without effort, the density of the water keeping them above the surface.

A Child's Pretty Thought.

Seven-Year-Old Julie (thoughtfully)—Do you know, mamma, what makes the trees sigh sometimes?

Mother—It's only the breeze, dearie.

"Oh, no, mamma, that's not it."

"Not the breeze?"

"No, mamma. It's because the trees are lonesome for the birds to come home."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Humor.

SHE FELT BETTER.

The Angelic Boy who Pulled a Tooth With a String.

She was a woman apparently 50 years old, plainly dressed, and she sat in a doorway on Monroe avenue with tears in her eyes and a mad look on her face. By and by a boy who was hanging around there asked if she was crying because she had lost her husband.

"Naw! If it was only that I should be a happy woman," she replied.

"Have yer broke yer leg, or lost money in a busted bank, or come to town for a divorce?" he continued.

"Naw! The trouble is that I have got an old tooth here which has been trying to jump out of my head for a week. I've been here three times to have it out, but I dasn't go up stairs to the dentist."

"I kin imagine your feelin's ma'am. I've bin right there myself. Let's see the tooth."

She opened her mouth very wide, and he pecked and peered and finally placed his dirty finger on the identical tooth.

"Is it a stiddy ache, ma'am?"

"Yes, purty stiddy."

"Kinder loose, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"You don't want the dentist to pick up a bowie knife and jam the gum around the gum root—grab for a chisel and pare away at a prong—clap on his old pinchers and jerk the top of your head over the roof? Madam, are my surmises correct?"

"Mercy! But talk that way! I'm all in a chill!" she gasped.

"Say," he whispered, as he pulled a cord from his pocket and made a slip-noose, "lemme try it. I'll pull as soft as 'lasses, and if it hurts, you can catch hold of the string."

It took five minutes to coax her into it, but at last the noose was slipped over and drawn tight. She was on the fourth stair; he on the second.

"Now open your mouth as big as a bucket, shet your eyes and think of sweetcake," he said, as all was ready.

She obeyed. Next moment he jumped backwards off the stairs—there was a yell a gasp—a whoop, and he held the tooth up and cried out:

"Here she is—behold the remains!"

She rose up, spat out the blood, cried a little, and then suddenly rushed for the boy and pinned him fast to the wall and kissed him forty-seven times on the chin, twenty-four times on the point of the nose, and eighteen times on the right ear. Then she forced a half-dollar into his paw, grabbed the string and the tooth and skipped out the doorway with the joyful exclamation:

"O! you dear, good, angelic boy! I haven't been so happy for 27 long years!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

He Saw His Father.

"Father," he began, after taking the old man out back of the barn, "your years are many."

"Yes, my son."

"You have toiled early and late, and by the sweat of your brow you have amassed this big farm."

"That's so, William."

"It has pained me more than I can tell to see you, at your age, troubling yourself with the cares of life. Father, your declining days should be spent in the old armchair in the chimney corner."

"Yes, William, they should."

"Now, father, being you are old and feeble and helpless, give me a deed of the farm and you and mother live out your few remaining days with me and Sally."

"William," said the old man, as he pushed back his sleeves, "I think I see the drift o' them remarks. When I'm ready to start for the poorhouse I'll play fool and hand over the deed! William!"

"Yes, sir."

"In order to dispel any delusion on your part that I'm old and feeble and helpless, I'm going to knock down half an acre of corn-stalks with your heels!"

And when the convention finally adjourned, William crawled to the nearest hay stack and cautiously whispered to himself:

"And Sally was to broach the same thing to ma at the same time! I wonder if she's mortally injured, or only crippled for life!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

Don't Lose Your Temper.

Mr. Briggs was bothered nearly to death with callers, one day, all of them in the cause of some charity or other, and his temper was sadly crippled. There was a slight cessation about 3 o'clock, and just as Briggs began to breathe easier another man came in.

"Well?" inquired Briggs, turning impatiently to the visitor.

"Mr. Briggs" he began in a gentle way, "I want—"

"You want, do you?" interrupted Briggs. "Well, everybody wants. It's want, want, want all day. There's been a thousand in here to-day wanting. I want, too. I want a rest. I want you to leave."

"But, Mr. Briggs," continued the gentle voice, "I know it, but I want—"

"Don't say 'want' to me," shouted Briggs. "Get out of this quick, or I'll go crazy."

"But Mr. Briggs, I want—"

"Get out," howled Briggs; "I want, too, I told you," and Briggs reached for a paper weight, while the visitor got up and flew, and about ten minutes afterwards there was a call at the telephone. Briggs responded.

"Hello, what is it?" he asked.

"Is that you, Mr. Briggs," came the query.

"Yes, all right, go ahead."

"Well, Mr. Briggs, I wanted to pay $500 I've been owing you for about a year, and you wanted me to pay it, but when I called at your place a few minutes ago—"

Briggs yanked the telephone off the wall, kicked it out the front door, jammed his head into his hat clear up to his ears, and went out to find a mule to kick him screne.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Autumn Leaves for the Windows.

Husband—"There, now, my dear, I think I have got enough leaves for all the windows."

Wife—"All the windows? What do you mean?"

Husband—"Why, don't you know? Whenever you get home with autumn leaves you always throw them out of the window; and this time I thought I would get you enough to throw some out of all the windows. We may as well do a complete job while we are about it."

Mr. Longspine's Luck.

"Clarissa, may I pay you a little attention?"

"Yes, Mr. Longspine, I wish you would."

"Oh, dear Clarissa, you make me so happy with those words! I have long—"

"Yes, I wish you would, for I want to make George Bigpurse jealous, and see if that won't bring him to the scratch."

The Small Boy.

Two Detroit small boys in the country (churning is going on):

First small Boy—Clarence, want some milk?

Second small Boy—Naw! Don't like butter milk.

First Small Boy—Ah-h! this ain't buttermilk. 'Taint been grinded.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE RITER BIT.

A Story of a German and His Foolish Sweetheart.

Translated from the German by Alex E. Sweet.

It is eight o'clock. At the corner of the street a young man was walking up and down. His walk and manner betrayed impatience. He appeared to be waiting for somebody. From time to time he glanced at his watch. A young girl approached, and he hurried to meet her.

"Good evening, Laura. How long you have kept me waiting! I was afraid something serious had happened to you. I've got good news for you."

The pair walked together arm-in-arm, the girl expressing great curiosity to know what the good news was.

"The drawing of the lottery in which we each held a ticket took place this morning——"

"And?"

"And we have won the grand prize of 150,000 marcks."

Laura gazed in astonishment at her lover. She did not know whether she was to believe him or not. She supposed he was joking.

"It's no joke. I have seen the official list, and I know there is no possible mistake. We are rich. We can start in business with a portion of the money, and lead a delightful life. And the best of it is we need not postpone our wedding any longer, but what is the matter? Why are you so silent?"

"O, I was just thinking. You have not told me whose ticket won the prize, yours or mine?"

"Your ticket won. You have got it yet, haven't you?"

"Yes, I've got it," she replied.

"Of course, it don't make any difference which ticket won. We love, each other. Our interests are identical. I am glad it was your ticket that won."

"I don't think there is any hurry about our marrying," said Laura.

"Are you in earnest?"

"Certainly, I am in earnest. You have not been in a hurry heretofore. You have always been postponing our wedding for one reason or another, and now I am in no hurry myself. Now that I am rich I can afford to wait. Rich people like me can afford to indulge in luxuries, and single-blessedness in some instances is a great luxury."

"Laura, do not talk so frivolously."

"Talking frivolously is another luxury I can afford."

The young man looked at her reproachfully, and he said, slowly:

"You know my only objection to our marriage at an early day was our lack of money. It was more on your account than on mine that I suggested delay, but now that the obstacle has been removed I am ready at any time."

"But I am not," replied Laura, almost defiantly. "Now that I think over it, it occurs to me that we would not be happy together. For a marriage to be happy, the contracting parties should be equal in social status. Now that I am rich, you would no longer love me for myself alone, but for my wealth. I will want to mingle in aristocratic society, and naturally I want a husband who has similar tastes. Your tastes are low and grovelling. The best thing for us to do is to part. You had better look for a suitable wife among the lower classes," and Laura glanced ar him contemptuously.

"Ish dot so?" replied the young man with mock solemnity. "You had better run home and help your mother feed the pigs. You have had a narrow escape from putting yonrself outside of that station in life in which it has pleased God to place you, for know, Miss Smarty, that t it is my ticket, not yours, that has won the first prize. I will follow your advice, and look for a wife among the rich girls who are my equals," and bowing politely, he withdrew from the canvass.

Libeling the West.

The daughter of a Boston merchant of great wealth, wide mercantile connections and boundless hospitality, was lately married. The Western agent of the merchant happened to be in town, and, as the proud father was inviting about everybody to his daughter's wedding, he invited the Westerner too. The Westerner came. He was uneasy, and shifted about from place to place in the house as if he were hunting for spots that fitted him better than those he had been in. It seems to be an occasion of great and overwhelming novelty to him. When the refreshments came around he was inclined to fight shy of pretty nearly every thing. It was as if he proposed to take on a little Boston formality, now that he was in Boston, and require an introduction to every dish. His host saw that he wasn't eating much and came around to see about it.

"Why, you aren't eating anything, Mr. West," said he. "Can't I help you to something?"

"No, I thank you," said the westerner, "I ain't very hungry to-night. I reckon I've eat enough."

Just then a waiter came along with some croquettes.

"Mr. West, take one of these croquettes; I think you'll like them; take one, take one."

The westerner took one. He punched it with his fork, laid it open a bit, and examined it critically. Then he tasted it and exclaimed:

"Gosh! Hash!"

For Girls Only.

"She won't do, Marie; she won't do," said the man of the house, just in time to upset the negotiations between the mistress and a new nursery maid.

"Why, dear, don't you like her?"

"She's not young enough."

"That's why I was engaging her. She's not young."

"That's why I object."

"Henry, what do you mean?"

"I want a young, pretty, bright girl, with a clean white apron and a pretty cap."

"Oh, yes, I suppose you do."

"You are wrong my dear. I do not mean that."

"What?"

"Your tone was significant. No. I have a theory. I think that children grow up a good deal like the people who take care of them."

"Oh," and she began to cry. "I suppose you don't like to have your children grow up like their mother."

"My dear, don't be ridiculous. I mean that they get to speak and act like their nurses, and I wish my children to have no mannerisms that will be offensive."

"What kind of a nurse did you have, Henry?"

"Madam," he said, rather confusedly, "I had a colored nurse, but it doesn't work with boys."

A Short Homily on Childhood.

"Now, Bobby," warned the old gentleman, as the family sat down to dinner, "you mustn't bother Mr. Featherly with foolish questions. In the presence of older people little boys should be seen, not heard."

"I was only goin' to ask him one," said Bobby, with an injured air.

"All right, Bobby," laughed Featherly, very much amused, "go ahead. You mustn't be too hard on Bobby, Mr. Hendricks," he continued, turning to that gentleman, "little boys are all alike; the world to them is full of the strange and inexplicable! And, after all, what are we but children of a larger growth? Er—what is it, Bobby, that you want to ask me?"

"I was goin' to ask you about your eyes."

"My eyes?"

"Yes. Pa says that a silver dollar to you looks as big as a cartwheel."—*New York Sun.*

Miscellany.

OLD SCHOOL BOOKS.

The Queer Things Found in Them Before They Get to the Pulp Mill.

"What becomes of old school books that are exchanged for new ones?" said E. C. Lane, of Appleton & Co., echoing the reporter's inquiry. "Old school books? They go to the paper mills for pulp. We have sent tons of them there during the last few years, gathered in this city. You ought to see the way they come in. The first readers are very near pulp when we get hold of them. In some cases it is impossible to tell whether they are first readers or basswood chips that have been soaked. All of the printing on the outside of the covers has been scuffed off, the fly leaves and some of the others are torn out, the binding is chewed up, the pages are indescribably dirty and full of the queerest marks you ever saw.

"Pennies made by rubbing are on nearly every leaf. Sometimes a 2-cent piece has been used, but rarely a nickel or dime. The pictures are enough to make a horse laugh—men and women with panels for bodies and set upon pegs, animals resembling carpenters' horses, houses of exceedingly composite architecture, and locomotives and cars that look as if they had just come out of a bad wreck. These are the books that the little fellows chew and finger, and lose in the mud, and leave out in the rain, and batter each other over the head with. I often catch myself wondering which of these used-up little books started on the road to learning our future mayors, governors, great lawyers and editors.

"Second readers are almost as bad. They are not chewed up quite so much, and as a rule, the leaves are not torn out in such reckless profusion, showing a bit of change from the baby tendency to put everything in the mouth that he can get there and to destroy everything else. I have noticed that it is in the Second readers that the practice of filling up the o's with pencil marks begins, and that the pictures have a little more resemblance to the objects they are intended to represent. 'Johnnie Smith, his book,' is a common inscription along here in the handwriting of the parents or teachers, but 'Johnny Smith's reader' can be found printed or scrawled in a dozen places.

"The Third readers are in a fair state of preservation, as school books go. Here the pictures and names of girls begin to appear on the fly leaves or inside of the covers, and some sentimental passages are underscored with pencil. The facsimiles of coin run through the whole series, however, and I guess the love of money is about the earliest, strongest and longest-staying passion the human race developes. At least, that is what the school books show.

"In the fourth reader, as a rule, we first catch sight of the poetical quotations scribbled on the margins, these being sometimes attempts at original versification, bringing in the names of Mary, Emma, Sade, Laura, Nettie or some other girl. Here and there are the remnants of conversation carried on by pencil and fearfully and completely scratched out. There is romance there. Here also the rage for writing one's own name, which began in the third reader, is found working havoc with the white spaces of the fly leaves. The books used by boys can be quickly distinguished from those used by girls. The latter are generally better preserved as to binding, and the pages are not so dirty, but there is more scribbling, especially of the conversational character. Names and other words in the text are more often changed by scratching out or altering letters, too. In these books one could almost follow the style in female wear by close examination of the pictures on the fly leaves and margins. 'George,' 'Charley,' 'Harry,' etc., scribbled here and there, tell of the little love affairs among the 14 year-olds.

"A majority of the fifth readers come in well preserved, with the owner's name neatly written in the proper place, and with an almost entire absence of scribbling, except that in the books used by the girls, or young ladies, as they must now be called, stolen conversations have been carried on and then erased by rubber. Not many of the fourth or fifth readers are brought in for exchange, as the older pupils like to keep their books. I dare say that in the dusty garrets or closets of thousands of homes are the old school books between whose covers, in one way or another, began the little romances which ended in weddings, and in time a demand for more first readers."

Whisky and Beer.

For some years a decided inclination has been apparent all over the country to give up the use of whisky and other strong alcohols, using as a substitute beer and other compounds. This is evidently founded on the idea that beer is not harmful, and contains a large amount of nutriment; also that bitters may have some medical quality which will neutralize the alcohol which it conceals, etc. These theories are without confirmation in the observation of physicians. The use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs; profound and deceptive fatty deposits, diminished circulation, conditions of congestion and perversion of functional activities, local inflammations of both the liver and kidneys, are constantly present.

Intellectually, a stupor amounting almost to paralysis arrests the reason, changing all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxisms of anger that are senseless and brutal. In appearance the beer drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. A slight injury, a severe cold, or a shock to the body or mind, will commonly provoke acute disease ending fatally.

Compared with inebri

Recent Literature.

THE INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE. With Brief Explanatory Notes of the Gestures Taught Deaf Mutes, and a Description of Some of the Peculiarities of Our Aborigines. By W. P. Clark, U. S. Army. L. K. Hamerly & Co., Philadelphia.

This work was done in compliance with orders by Gen. Sheridan for the purpose of retaining some authentic account of Indian tribal history and race peculiarities. Capt. Clark, the author, spent six years among the red men carefully studying their languages and customs. Especially did he devote himself to acquiring a knowledge of their gestures by which they carry on so much of their communication with each other. The work will be of present value to those whose business takes them among the savages, and in the future it will throw light upon the character of a people who, perhaps, have passed from the face of the earth.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. New edition. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston. Price $1.

This is a neat volume at a low price which places it within reach of everybody. It belongs to that class of books which will never grow so old as to lose its interest to new or even old readers. There is no American book which ever had so large a sale, and only three or four in the history of literature that have excelled it in the number of copies issued and sold. It should be preserved for its worth and as well for a landmark noting the progress of humanity.

AULNAY TOWER, by Blanche Willis Howard. Tickner & Co., Boston. Price $1.50.

We can not remember that Miss Howard ever wrote a dull story or a poor one, and "Aulnay Tower" is as agreeable and clever as its predecessors, though not as powerful as the romance "Guenn: a Wave on the Breton Coast." The love passages are between the Countess Nathalie, a high-minded woman who is called cold and unfeeling, but who has the warmest and noblest of hearts, and Max Von Nordenfels, a scholarly soldier and a soldierly scholar. Around the lives of these two are innumerable incidents. The scene is laid a few leagues from Paris.

A PRINCE OF DARKNESS. By Florence Warden. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This is a fourth book by the author of "The House on the Marsh," and, like it, arouses the interest at the start by a murder which becomes less and less mysterious as the plot is untied. The chief personage in the story is Louis de Breteuil, a frequenter of the Boulevards of Paris, to whom the title of the book is applied; and his complicated crimes and duplex character excite curiosity, until the solution of the mystery and rightings of wrongs in the last chapter.

THE WESTERN WORLD GUIDE AND HAND-BOOK OF USEFUL INFORMATION. First Edition. Published by the Western World, Chicago. Price, 50 cents.

This seems to be one of those little books which are full of information about all sorts of things that people want to know. There are maps of all the states, and short and concise histories of them, and these are only a small part of the contents. It is worth having.

SUNDAY READING FOR YOUNG AND OLD FOR 1886, WITH UPWARDS OF 200 ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS. E. and J. Y. Young & Co., New York.

This is a prettily gotten up volume for young folks, something after the style of "Castlerbox." The illustrations are numerous and spirited, and the stories exceedingly attractive. This will be a good holiday book, and cannot help pleasing.

A DREAM OF THE ADIRONDACKS and Other Poems. By Helen Hinsdale Rich. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

It is but recently that the attention of the BLADE has been directed particularly to this volume of poems, issued by the Putnams, and its contents have been a surprise and a delight. The exquisite imagery and the delicate fancy pervading every poem make each one a revelation. The melody of the lines is exceedingly fine. The work shows Mrs. Rich to possess a poetical genius of a very high order, one which should give her no mean place among the poets of our country. In addition to these real beauties, there is an elevated sentiment pervading every line that appeals to the better nature of the reader. Enough of poetry is contained in "May Song and "Silent Mothers" to crown the writer with laurels, if she had produced nothing else.

THE DECORATOR AND FURNISHER.

The present number of this journal ushers in its fourth year and seventh volume, and the publishers have every reason to be proud of its success. The value of the October number may be somewhat measured by going over the list of articles which is presented. The assistance that they must be to decorators and furnishers should be appreciated. Among the articles illustrated are: "Alphabets for Painters;" "Camp Building in the Adirondacks;" "Colonial Mantel;" "Decorative Art Study for Women;" Ceiling and Borders" and many others. The *Decorator and Furnisher*, New York City, $4 a year.

THE ART INTERCHANGE.

The current number makes its appearance enlarged to a twenty page paper, thus proclaiming the success which this excellent journal has met with—a success which is in every way well-deserved. The contents are equal in every respect to what has gone before, the supplement designs being excellent, and the reading matter full of interest. A beautiful centre design for cup and saucer decoration will attract attention. William Whitlock, West Twenty-second Street, New York City; $3 yearly.

THE FLORAL CABINET.

The October number contains among other things an article about "Winter Gardening Under Difficulties," another about "Golden Rods and Asters," "A New Industry" "September Flowers," several poems, and a number of illustrated home decorations, recipes, etc., making an excellent number. Ladies' Floral Cabinet Company, 22 Vesey Street, New York; $1.25 a year.

BABYHOOD.

The October *Babyhood* gives its usual variety of topics interesting to parents, by its well known editors, Marion Harland and Dr. Leroy M. Yale, and a corps of able contributors. Among the principal subjects are: "The Precocious Baby," "Nursery Cookery," "The Care of Baby's Eyes," "Contagion in Throat Troubles," "Art in the Nursery," "Thoughts on Home Training," "The Diet of Nursing Mothers," "Systematic Weaning," "Autumn Styles for Baby's Wardrobe," etc. 15 cents a number; $1.50 a year. 18 Spruce street, New York.

WOMAN'S MAGAZINE.

In the table of contents for October are the following: "The Ship Carpenter's Son," "My Grandmother's School Days," "Rambles in France and Italy," "The School Meeting," "Photographs of Polygamy," "Sister Rosaline," "Helen Hunt Jackson," "A Little Picnic," "Bee Keeping for Women," V. and several others, besides the usual Editorial notes. Frank E. Houck, Brattleboro, Vt. $1 a year.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY

There is no better household magazine than *Demorest's Monthly*, and the November number fully sustains its well-earned reputation. The stories are especially good, and the articles entitled "The City of Flowers," "London in July," and "The Two Great Fairs of the Century," are admirable. "From Bowed to Brush" is continued, and the household suggestions are numerous and valuable. Many of the articles in this magazine are profusely illustrated, thus adding to their interest. This number is adorned with a steel engraving, as a frontispiece, and two suggestive plates, "Then and Now." W. J. Demorest, New York City. $2.00 yearly.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

Godey's Lady's Book for November is a genuine Thanksgiving number, calculated to cause gratitude in the hearts of all its patrons. The steel-engraved frontispiece, "Without a Care," is a capital study of child life. Mrs. Mary Bradley has a charming poem in this issue, "At the Lock." Helen Mather's new serial, "Love Lies A-Bleeding," begins in this number. Emily Reade has a clever story called "Madame Hortense's Portrait." "The Yoke of Honor" ends satisfactorily this month, while Max Vander Weyde continues his interesting reports of Phillip's doings in the article on "The Ceramic Club." J. H. Haulenbeck & Co., Philadelphia.

Some Good Advice.

"Jacob," said old Mr. Isaacstein to his young son, who is just entering business, "Ven you hat noddings to say to a gustomer choost say it. Don'd shood your mound off ven it don'd vas loaded, Jacob."

"Yes, fadder," replied the attentive Jacob.

"A few weeks ago," went on the old gentleman, "a gustomer gome in to puy a bistol to shood himself mit. I told him dot vas wrong, und he vent avay. Dot next tay his pody vas found in the East river. He drownded himselluf, und I lose de sale of dot bistol. Don'd you shood your moud off ven it don'd vas loaded, Jacob."—*New York Sun.*

Accommodation.

ANY WELL RATED BUSINESS HOUSE IN CITY OR COUNTRY, who may be desirous of obtaining accommodation on their paper, or on merchandise, can secure same by addressing Absolutely Confidential, Box 2,517, New York. References exchanged.

CHEWING GUM.

Something About a Luxury In Great Demand at the Present Time.

Time—a rainy morning. Place—the office of a wholesale confectioner. Persons—a doctor, a reporter, a drummer for the firm, and the confectioner himself.

While engaged in the pleasant occupation of selecting and sampling the best articles by the house, a well-dressed lady alighted from her carriage and entering the store, inquired for a box of the best Tutti Frutti gum. The polite clerk quietly handed her the package, charged her the retail price, and a dollar more for his trouble, and with the air of a person who felt guilty of having done some unknown wrong, the lady walked quickly to the carriage and hurried away from the store.

"That was Mrs. X," said the confectioner naming his customer, but not explaining the nature of her errand.

"She was buying chewing chewing gum," said the doctor.

"She was buying chewing gum?" echoed the confectioner.

"Do you have many customers of the same character?" inquired the reporter.

"Dozens of them," said the wholesale dealer, smiling. "They are our best customers and they never complain if we overcharge them. They are ashamed to be seen going to the corner store for a stick of gum every day, and take this method of getting the best article."

"The foolish creatures," observed the doctor. "But after all, I think that I am in favor of this practice of gum chewing. It is on the first place a relief to the mind. When trouble overtakes the average woman she will give up at once, but if she is a gum chewer and can be induced to chew the strain will soon be worked off from her mind by the strain upon the jaws. Again it keeps the teeth clean to chew gum, and chewing gum will be found to be an agreeable substitute for the tooth brush. But on this account I wouldn't advise any one to use the same stick of gum twice."

"Nor I either," interrupted the confectioner, thinking only of increased gains and a large diamond which he had vowed to possess.

"What do they use in making chewing gum?" asked the reporter, aiming the question at the wholesale dealer.

"I am almost afraid to tell you," replied the dealer, "but I know you won't give it away. Only I am afraid that the doctor will change his mind when he hears what goes to make up a stick of chewing gum. The basis of white gums is paraffine which is a distilled product of petroleum. So that children are right when they say they are chewing kerosene oil boiled down. The basis of other gums is tolu, and that of itself is harmless. But they put into it lamp black, spelled ost meal, licorice and old rubber. Who likes the idea of chewing old rubber boots? Not I, if I do sell them."

"I know how this tolu, as it is called, came to be used for chewing gum," said the drummer, who had until now remained quiet. "It was brought to this country from Mexico by a Louisville genius, who thought he had discovered a substitute for rubber. It was a failure in that way, but a success in a way the inventor never dreamed of. The girls commenced chewing the stuff for gum, and from that day to this hundreds of the fair ones have been continually chewing it. It is now quite an important article of commerce, and tons are imported every year."

"By the way," interrupted the reporter, "how much gum do you suppose is chewed up in Toledo every year?"

"Knowing what I do about the retail trade," said the drummer, "I think that about 3,000 boxes are sold every month in the city. This would amount to 36,000 boxes every year, and figuring 100 sticks in a box would dispose of 3,600,000 sticks of gum during the calendar year. Thus the men, for men do chew it, women and children pay out over $30,000 per year for a foolish, useless, idle, worthless habit." Then the drummer laid down his pencil and commenced wondering what part of this large sum his wife and children had spent, and vowed a vow that he would have no more gum-chewing in his family.

COLD WEATHER,

But not so Cold as the Future—A New Theory Concerning the Frigid Winds of Winter and the Gelid Gusts of Summer.

"What a chilly night," said Dr. J. G Nolen last evening, drawing nearer to the bright fire, as he fell into a brown study, and counted the sparks as they sprang upward from the burning coals, and thought out a new use for the many million tons of refuse coal and ashes yearly thrown away.

"Yes, it is a cold evening," said the reporter, as he followed the doctor's example, and warmed his half frozen hands over the fire. "But doctor tell us why it is so terribly cold."

"Give me an easy one," said the doctor. "But I don't want to know the answer to an easy question," said the reporter.

"Well, then," said Dr. Nolen, 'I will tell you what I think of it. But I don't want you to go and print it. Forty years ago we had some warm weather in this country. It used to be so that we could enjoy a hot cup of tea or coffee without having it freeze in our hands. In these days it makes a man shiver to look out of doors all of the time in winter and most of the time in summer. Why is it so much colder than it was when I first came to this part of the state? Because we are yearly being carried farther away from the sun. Let me explain this. In the Pacific ocean are currents which set in for the North Pole. These are currents of warm water which pass through Behring's strait and are lost in the Arctic ocean. When this water comes out it is cold, but not all it comes out. A large amount yearly is frozen and remains there. Years ago large masses became detached and came southward to warmer waters, but very few icebergs interfere with the passing of ships between the two continents now. True, there are icebergs, but only a small fraction of the ice formed now comes down to the Atlantic. Where does it go? Most of it must remain where it is formed."

"But how does that affect us so far South as we are?"

"Wait a minute and I will tell you. This accumulation of ice makes the North Pole much heavier and the South Pole much lighter. Astronomers tell us that the earth's axis makes with its orbit an angle of 23½ degrees. By reason of this increase at the North Pole and decrease at the South Pole this angle is greater than it was years ago, and the change has affected a change in the seasons. We are living now in the same climate that the people of Georgian Bay enjoyed 50 years ago. Year by year the cold is becoming more intense, and will continue to become even more so. This is a cold fact, but, nevertheless, a true one. The increase in the size and density of the region surrounding the North Pole has unfailingly been the cause of such a marked change in the seasons. Fifty years hence we will raise no corn, no peaches, and small fruits. Experience tallies with the theory. A few centuries and the region of the Great Lakes will become one of ice and snow, a second Greenland. We have been jogged 200 miles to the south already," said the doctor as he stirred up the coals.

"If that is the case the people of Toledo would do well to invest in oil gs lots in Florida," said the reporter, as he passed out into the cold.

"Fortunately there is no hurry," said the doctor, settling back into his easy chair, and relighting his pipe.

Things Worth Knowing.

A half teaspoonful of soda in half a cup of water will relieve sick headache caused by indigestion.

A fever patient is cooled off and made comfortable by frequent sponging with warm soda water.

Warm mustard water should be given to one who has accidentally swallowed poison; this will cause vomiting; after that give a cup of strong coffee; that will counteract the remaining effects.

When going from a warm room out into the cold air close your mouth and breathe through your nose to prevent taking cold.

A hard cold is ofttimes cured by a cup of hot lemonade taken at bedtime, as it produes perspiration.

Consumptive night sweats may be arrested by sponging the body at night in salt and water.

Teething children may be relieved of convulsions by being immersed in a warm bath, and cold water applied to the head.

For croup or pneumonia bruise raw onions, lay on a cloth with powdered gum camphor sprinkled over it, and apply to chest and lungs, and cover with hot flannel. This is a sure cure if taken in time.

For nervous headache, when the pain is over the eyes and the temples are throbbing, apply cloths wet with cold water to the head, and hot baths to the feet.

The annual statement of the president of the Western Union telegraph company shows the surplus to be $4,324,004. The total expenses for the year were $12,005,-9.9.

—"100 Doses One Dollar" is true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is an unanswerable argument as to strength and economy.

RUM'S STRICKEN VICTIMS.

Their Retreat and Treatment—Writhing on Their Cots in Uncontrollable Agony, and Only Subdued by the Use of Strait Jackets and Manacles—Scenes at Bellevue.

New York Telegraph.

"Help! Murder! Police!"

From the topmost window of a tall Mulberry street tenement the cry rang out, and a pale, thin-faced woman, whose gray, disheveled hair swept back from her bleeding forehead, waved her arms in a wild appeal to the passers-by below. Frowsy-headed women looked nonchalantly at the swaying figure; blear eyed men shrugged their shoulders and went on.

"Phil Redding's got them on again. I guess," said a lounger on the corner. "He's a terror."

The scene was too commonplace and witnessed too frequently to excite comment. In her own hands lay the shrieking woman's fate.

Just then a policeman dashed around the corner. Up the creaking, rickety stairs he flew through dark and foul smelling hallways, and with scant ceremony burst open the frail barrier that stood between him and the fracas.

Standing over the blood-bespattered victim of his brutality was a fierce, giant-like man. The wild glitter of his eyes suffused with blood, the foam flecked lips and the trembling of his massive form plainly bespoke the fact that he was in the first stages of delirium tremens.

Officer Farley threw himself upon the crazed brute, there ensued a struggle for the mastery of the policeman's club. Round and round the shabby room they fought until the bluecoat wrested his stick from the rum-crazed man. A dull, heavy blow, a little trickle of blood, and Phil. Redding was conquered.

"Stay here awhile," said the officer to a *Telegraph* reporter, who had witnessed the scene, "I want to send out a call."

Ten minutes later there was the sound of clattering hoofs, the sharp clang of the warning bell, and an ambulance swept up to the door. Its natty surgeon leaped to the pavement and quickly sprang up the dilapidated stoop.

"Horrors!" he said laconically, as he made a hurried examination of the prostrate form. Over her husband stood the poor woman wringing her hands in a vain attempt to express her agony.

"Up she goes." Two sturdy men bore out the unconscious, raving form. Again tingled the ambulance bell, and Phil was on his rapid journey to Bellevue Hospital.

As if nothing had occurred, the street resumed its usual appearance, and the lounging, loitering dwellers in its musty precincts idly discussed the maniac.

THE SCENE AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

Down on the lower basement of Bellevue Hospital, a long, low room extends from north to south. On either side heavy oaken doors, in each of which is a small sliding wicket, give it a prison-like air. To the right a small office looks upon the corridor, and here was found Mr. Connelly, the orderly in charge. He is a slight, clean-shaven gentleman, with twinkling gray eyes that give no token of the many heartrending scenes he has witnessed during the nine years he has presided over the ward.

"You want to know our treatment of patients?" he queried, when asked what course he followed. "Well, I had better begin by telling you the story in my own way. It has never been written up and I am sure will prove interesting.

"We are obliged to receive only people sent from the station houses or the police courts. Our patients are generally in a pretty bad condition when they arrive, and our first care is to see that they are immediately bathed. In all cases this cannot be done, but where it is possible we do it.

"If a man is brought here under the influence of liquor I feel glad; there is some hope for him. Seldom does he die, for he can be brought around all right."

"What are the worst cases?"

"Beer drinkers. It seems to me that whisky does not make such a total wreck of a man as the milder stimulant. The men, the drivers of brewery wagons, who continuously dabble in beer—human sponges, in fact. We always experience considerable difficulty in getting them on their legs.

"Of course, the patient's stomach is disordered and unable to retain any solid nourishment. The constant use of liquor creates an abnormal action of the nerves and a craving for something to quiet the unusual excitement. Lime water and milk is the only thing that will rest upon the stomach after a protracted debauch. To quiet the nerves we administer bromide of potassium."

"Do you ever give stimulants?"

Mr. Connelly smiled at the question.

"But very seldom, and only on a doctor's prescription. They beg for it, but we cannot permit them to keep up their spree. They come here as would a ship to a harbor until the storm passes over. Perfectly confident in our skill to treat them they throw themselves, as it were, into our arms."

THE USE OF THE STRAIGHT JACKET.

"Some of the cases that come here are quiet, others, again, requires the straight jacket and several little appliances which we keep on hand."

Hardly had the words passed the speaker's lips when a kick sounded upon the door. When it was opened a tall, straight man with a high, white forehead stood upon the threshold. His hands were manacled to a heavy belt which encircled his waist.

"Mr. Connelly," he said, as his fingers worked convulsively, "it's time for my medicine."

The orderly rose and took from his cabinet a small phial containing a dark brown fluid. With tremorous lips, his hands still bound, the patient swallowed the draught and left the room.

"I remember one case in particular," resumed the orderly. "He was a clergyman in this city, and had been drinking for more than three weeks. However, he was never really drunk—always had what the boys call 'a quiet load.' This is the kind of a case that bothers us. Because your cool, self-contained men are nearer the grave than they think for.

"Well, we got him to bed. He hadn't slept for more than four days, and when he told me that I knew his condition was precarious. You see, when a man can't eat or sleep it's time for him to seek medical attendance. After a while I was startled by the most blood-curdling shriek I ever heard. I ran to my patient's cell and found him writhing on his cot and twisting himself in every conceivable shape. Two of us were insufficient to hold him and at intervals he broke out into screams that would raise the hair upon your head. I sent at once for a brother clergyman of his, but the attempt to soothe him was futile. He raved and foamed and beat the air with his hands. An injection of morphine was used, and after a while he sank asleep under the influence of the hypnotic.

"Three days afterward we were able to discharge him cured. Before he went I asked him in what his dreadful illusions consisted. He told me that he imagined a huge dog, with gleaming teeth, crouched at the foot of his bed. Every once in a while the brute would spring upon him and bury its fangs in his breast; then he shrieked."

NATIVITY OF RUM'S VICTIMS.

"Who, or what nationality are your most frequent patients?"

"Now, there's another singular thing. During the warm summer months, when the slightest amount of stimulant taken is sufficient to craze a man, we have Irishmen. They flock under the easiest. Then in numerical sequence comes the German. As I said, they're a tough lot to handle. One of them nearly killed me a few weeks ago. Italians are scarcely ever seen here, and the same thing may be said of Frenchmen. This I attribute to the fact that they drink light wines and but infrequently indulge in what are called hard liquors. Americans have one trait that I have noticed. They come here when they feel the first symptoms of the disease, for disease it must be called, coming on."

"Do you ever have the men return?"

"Why, certainly, though a man that comes here the third time suffering from delirium tremens is doomed. There is no help for him, because his system is totally enervated and the heart and stomach unable to perform their usual functions. Our deaths average two per cent. of the people admitted."

"They are searched, I suppose."

"Undoubtedly, and the examination at times develops some curious results. I remember once a fellow came here in a most ragged condition. You wouldn't give two cents for all he had on him. Covered with filth and vermin as he was, we experienced considerable difficulty in cleaning him. During the process I went through his clothes. There were a number of pawn tickets in his pockets, and I hardly expected to find anything of value after seeing that. As I surmised, he had nothing. Next day he had recuperated in a most extraordinary manner, and asked very solicitously where his shoes had been placed. I got them for him, and he asked me to leave the cell."

Mr. Connelly paused in his narrative and smoothed his chin, while the merry twinkle in his eye became more noticeable.

A RICH SPECIMEN OF THE GENUS TRAMP.

"From between the two portions of the insole," he went on, "that old tramp took out a small piece of oiled silk. I was watching him through the wicket. When its waterproof covering was removed, there lay a thousand-dollar bill. I opened the door, went in and took it from him. Next day we learned that he had a wife and two children whom he had deserted.

"Very often it happens that men are sent here who carry about with them not only money but valuables. The warden receipts for them and they are delivered to the patient when he leaves.

"Sometimes the cries and groans in this place would sicken you. Men cursing and raving and twisting at their bonds when it is necessary to manacle them. I have an assistant, and we always keep a close watch upon the men under our charge. Should a patient require any extra nourishment, such as eggs, beefsteak or chops, not down in the regular bill of fare he can always get it."

"When is the place most crowded?"

"Just about this time. You can see for yourself that nearly all the occupants of the cells are transfers, who are just now coming back from their summer excursions. When they are cured we can hardly get rid of them. Every plea possible, they advance, to remain here. But, we generally dispose of their cases rather summarily." As the orderly reached this point in his story, there was a timid rap at the outer door, the bolts were shot back and a trembling man stood upon the threshold.

"Back again," queried Mr. Connelly, not unkindly. "I cannot do it."

"Only one drink—look at me," said the debauched visitor, as she held out her shaking, toil-stained hands.

Again the orderly shook his head. "I can't do it," he answered, "but here's ten cents."

With a muttered prayer of thanks the woman left.

THE OLD, OLD STORY OF RUM AND RUIN.

"There you see the effects of drink," said the orderly, as he turned again to the reporter.

"That poor soul was here this morning to ask me to give her a drink from the medicine store. I couldn't do it without an order from a physician, and told her so. Her husband was a patient not more than a month ago, and I suppose she'll be in the woman's ward in a few days."

When the reporter was leaving, a man whose glaring eyes showed but too plainly that he was within a few moments' time of an attack of the dreaded disease was led in. His hair was disarranged and there was a nervous, shifting air about his actions that left no doubt of his purpose in being there.

With his experienced eye the orderly noted his appearance and saw that the case was one in it appeared upon the surface. Rapidly the man was undressed and taken to a room. Hardly had his shrunken form touched the white counterpane than whatever little light of reason still lingered in his dulled eyes faded away and his face became distorted wieh the horror that was filling his diseased brain.

"Take them away!" he shouted, as he tore at the collar of the white night dress that had been put on him. "Take them away!"

"The jacket, Jim," said the orderly quietly, and a long, sack-like garment was brought in by the assistant.

After a struggle the wriggling patient was inclosed in it and then the door was locked.

"He'll probably last until to-morrow," said Mr. Connelly, as he turned the key.

"How men can drink when they have such awful examples before them is more than I can understand."

METEORIC STONES.

Where Do They Come From to Earth?—What They Are Made of and Appear Like.

"A Constant Reader" asks what a meteorite is, and where the red-hot stones come from. The falling of the huge one in Western Pennsylvania—a stone as large as an average house—seems to have excited some interest on the part of many persons to learn something more about these strange and dangerous visitors. It is rare that we hear of one of such great size as this Pennsylvania meteor; indeed, one may well question the truth of the account. But there have been even larger ones, though not, probably, in modern times.

The theory of some persons, that these red-hot stones have been thrown out of some volcano, and then been drawn back to the earth's service by gravitation, is wholly untenable. These fiery rocks come from "other worlds than ours." It is not probable that they are recent emanations from one of the other planets; they are drawn, in all probability, by the earth's greater attraction, out of their place in some of the great meteor streams that revolve, like the earth, around the sun, each in own orbit. At certain points in the annual journeys of our own world and of these great streams of loosely aggregated rocks of many sizes, the two orbits evidently so nearly touch as to make it possible for the globe on which we live to capture some of the meteoric bodies which constitute the fringe, or skirt, so to speak, of the meteor stream. Once, on the 13th of November, 1833, our globe must have actually brushed through the thinner outer fringe of the astonishing aggregation which has since come to be known among astronomers as the "November stream," in contradistinction to another, whose skirts we almost touch in August, and which is called therefore, the August stream.

Other streams may exist, in the interplanetary spaces, of which the astronomers have no positive knowledge; or, there may be irregular masses, or even endless cases of separate meteoric bodies, all rushing around the sun in different orbits. It is certain that countless millions of these objects, mostly quite small bodies, are actually drawn in upon the earth. Most of them, apparently, are burned up before reaching the earth's surface, and descend in an invisible, impalpable form of exceedingly fine dust. Occasionally this can be plainly seen—as it was once, in the suburbs of this city, only ten days ago, when it seemed at first, shown against the afternoon sun, like a real shower of rain, only a rain from a clear sky, but which quickly proved to be a shower of dust, so fine, that unless it chanced to be seen against the sun it was invisible.

Mr. Proctor, the astronomer, holds this unseen falling meteoric dust to have been an appreciable, indeed an important factor involved in the problem of the alleged growth of the bulk of our planet, and has actually tried to compute something of the rate and extent of that supposed increase. However that may be, our globe certainly does capture an enormous number of little foreign bodies. One or more can be seen, silently streaming across the sky, on almost any clear, calm night; sometimes a number of them—their seeming course across the sky, instead of plunging straight down, being merely an optical effect, due to the angle at which the appearance is seen. These meteors, entering the earth's atmosphere, and plunging with more and more velocity as they get nearer the surface, are heated to a white heat (and thus made luminous and visible) by the increased friction caused by their increased speed, and the increasing density of the air.

Most of them appear "burnt up," but some, usually the larger ones, hold out against their own conflagration till they burst with a great explosion, or plunge intact (but red-hot) into the ground — or into the sea. Without giving credence to the western story, a few years ago, of a man being killed by one of these meteors, there is some small degree of likelihood that such a thing might happen; a much lesser chance than the danger of being struck by lightning.

The august train of meteors is computed to be 90,000,000 miles long—or about as long as the distance from the earth to the sun. Others are of unknown length.

Where do they originate?

The question is easily asked. The answer, while it is one about which we feel but little doubt, seems to be not susceptible of being sustained by actual proof. These meteoric bodies appear to be not exactly like any of our rocks. Many of them are more like a kind of half-vitreous "iron stone" than anything else; they show the work of heat, and ring, on being struck by a hammer.

Autumn Days.

"These beautiful autumn days," sighed Rosalind McLush. "How delightful they are! The foliage of the trees with its varied tints of scarlet and gold, and the mellow haze that sleeps on yonder hilltops. Oh, that I had wings—"

"It would be a good thing, Rosy," chimed in her mother, "you could fly around and be of some use in the family."

"Ever practical, aren't you ma, dear?" and Rosalind strayed to the piano and let her feelings escape from her finger ends in that touching ballad "I would I were a bird."

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the debilitated woman's best restorative tonic.

The Increase of Insanity.

Boston supports 800 insane, says Mr. T. B. Sanborn, not 75 of whom will recover!

This is frightfull Insanity has increased 40 per cent. in a decade, and most of the cases are incurable. Whatever the individual cause may be, the fact remains that Uric Acid blood sets the brain on fire, destroys its tissues, and then comes some form of fatal lunacy.

Nothing is so pitiable as a mind diseased. Most brain troubles begin in the stomach; then if the blood is filled with uric acid, caused by failure of kidney action, and the consequent destruction of the blood life—albumen—you have the fuel and the flame and a brain in full blaze as when one raves, or in slow combustion, as in milder forms of insanity. Rev. E. D. Hopkins, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., a few years ago was confined in an asylum. He took a terrible cold while aiding in putting out a fire in a neighbor's burning house, and for 25 years that cold was slowly filling his blood with uric acid, and finally the deadly work was done. The case looked hopeless but he happily used Warner's safe cure and recovered. That was three years ago, and having ridden his blood of all surplus uric acid, he has remained well until this day.

It is indeed a terrible thing to lose one's mind, but it is a more terrible thing to suffer such a condition when it can be so easily prevented.

SPOTTY'S "SPOT."

A Tale of a Spotters "Spot," and the Ending.

He was known as "Spotty." That was not his real name. He had earned the sobriquet from being a spotter on one of the great railway lines leading out of Toledo. He was a small thin man with piercing black eyes. I asked him one day why he gave up the spotting business. He looked at me for a moment and replied: "I will tell you the reason. It is no use bragging, but you as well as many others know that I was one of the smartest spotters in the country at one time, and I always had a good fat job. In 187— I was a spotter on one of the lines leaving out of Toledo.

There was a young conductor on the road who was suspected of "knocking down"—that is, charging more for money tickets than the price called for. I will call him Jack, but Jack is as far different from his true name as Smith. Jack was a great favorite all along the line, and, withal, the passengers—men, women and children—adored him. He was a handsome man and good-natured. The "boss" was always receiving letters from the road's patrons in commendation of Jack, but, you know, "knocking down" must be prohitted, no matter how big a favorite the conductor is. So one day the "boss" came to me, and says he: "Spotty, Jack is knocking down pretty bad lately, and you must stop it, and the sooner the better." I gave him the Mother Hubbard wink of distress, and says I: "I don't believe a word of it, and if you're going to 'spot' him, I wish you would get some other gentleman to work him." I said "gentleman," but we "apostles" are not "gentlemen," though we like to call ourselves such. But he would hear no protest from me, so I had to "spot" Jack. I hated it, but a spotter has to swallow his hates. A few days after I boarded Jack's train in Toledo. By and by Jack came through, shaking hands with the passengers, winking at that child or patting this baby on the head and smiling pleasantly at the ladies. I tell you there never was another conductor like Jack. I tell you I cursed the day I ever took up the profession of a spotter. When Jack came to me I asked "$1.60," a ticket to——. "$1.65," says Jack. The fare was $1.25; I tell you I was all broke up in a minute. There was 40 cents from me. I sat in my seat and pondered. I got off at ——, changed my disguise and waited over until Jack came back. I boarded the train and Jack came through as before. I asked for a ticket to Toledo; "$1.60," says Jack this time. I saw then he had worked the scale of tickets pretty fine—it was only five cents less from —— to Toledo than from Toledo to ——. He only gave to the company the $2.50, the true fare. The next time he went out I was on hand again. This time I worked him by telling him a pitiful story, the death of my mother at ——, and I had no money for fare. He passed me clean through to ——, cheating the company out of $6.50. Not only, you see, was he cheating the passengers, but the company by allowing passengers to ride free. A third time I lay for him. This time I boarded the train and paid $7.60 for a ticket to ——, where the fare should have been $6 50, and he pocketed the entire $7 60. I reported to the "boss," and Jack was called into the private office and confronted with the facts. He broke down completely and burying his face in his hands wept like a child and told us he had "knocked down" to obtain comforts for his invalid mother, and went on about his mother until —— me if the boss and I didn't commence crying like a couple of women. But he prayed us not to tell his mother, for she believed him honest and if she learned of his dishonesty the shock would kill her. We promised him we would never tell a single person. The company ousted him; they could do nothing else. A reporter, however, no one but the reporter ever knew, learned the facts and published them. Jack's mother saw it and the shock killed her. His mother's death and the disgrace of his dishonesty effected his mind. It was then I swore I would never do another spotting and I never have."

It was a dark, rainy, windy night, nearly a year after "Spotty" had told me of Jack, that I was a passenger on a Western passenger train. As I passed in to the rear coach I was surprised to see Jack. "Spotty" had pointed him out one day, walking with downcast eyes and hands clasped behind him, but I sat down beside him and introduced myself. We spoke of "Spotty" and he said he had forgiven him, that "Spotty" had done his duty. Then we spoke of his mother. I suddenly noticed he was speaking wildly. In a few moments he leaped up with a cry that froze the blood of every passenger in the car, and before we could catch him he had bounded out upon the rear platform, where he stood for a moment with hand uplifted, with his thin, colorless lips parted, the wind blowing his hair wildly, and the rain beating upon his upturned face. He faltered only for a moment, for the next he had sprung from the platform, and his agonized cry: "O God, the Father in heaven; O my angel mother, I am coming," rang out clear and distinct above the rush of the train, above the beating of the rain, above the wild, wierd, wailing of the wind.

Crazy Because He Didn't Chew.

"Tobacco is a fearful thing," said the engineer, as he allowed one foot to hang over the board of his engine: "it nearly drove me crazy once, and caused a wreck that might have killed 50 people. For many years I had been a great tobacco chewer, and was often told that if I didn't use the weed in more moderation I might expect to see my nervous system go all to pieces. Sometimes I thought I would make an effort to quit, and then I'd conclude it was no use.

"Well, to make a long story short, I was running along one day when I began to feel queer. There was a sort of boiling in my brain. My eyes danced so that I couldn't tell a telegraph pole from a double-header coming my way. I called to my fireman to take my place, and but for him I believe I should have gone mad right there. The tobacco, you see."

"But you are chewing tobacco now?"

"Of course I am. I forgot to tell you that the time I went crazy I was trying to quit chewing, and hadn't tasted tobacco for 48 hours. The fireman handed me a chaw, and in ten minutes I was all right again, and have never tried to quit since. Have ye any fine-cut about your clothes?"

New Test for Butter.

There is a qualitative test for butter so simple that any housewife can put it into successful practice. A clean piece of white paper is smeared with a little of the suspected butter. The paper is then rolled up and set on fire. If the butter is pure the smell of the burning paper is rather pleasant: but the odor is distinctively tallowy if the "butter" is made up wholly or in part of animal fats.

The Man Without Humor.

There are evidences on every hand that the world is coming to believe that one can better go through life blind or deaf than lacking sensibility to humor. Our American society is so constituted that a man who has no humor in his soul must feign to the contrary; and the cultivation of an imperfect sense of humor now properly forms part of a liberal education.

—Walking down Broadway is very pleasant when you feel well, and I never felt better than when the friend asked him how he got over that severe cough of his so speedily. "Ah, my boy," said T——, 'G. M. D. did it!" And his friend wondered what G. M. D. meant. He knew it did not mean a Good Many Doctors, for T—— K—— had tried a dozen in vain. "I have it," said he, just hitting the nail on the head, "you mean Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery,' or Gold Medal Deserved, as my friend J. S—— always dubs it." Sold by druggists.

The Camp Fire.

Published by Request.

MINNIE MINTON.

Minnie Minton, in the shadow
I've been waiting here alone
On the battle's gory meadow
Where the scythe of Death has mown;
I've been waiting for your coming
Till the weary dawn of day,
And I only hear the tramping
As the armies march away.

Chorus—
On, Minnie, dear Minnie,
I have heard the angels warning,
I have seen the golden shore;
I will meet you in the morning
When the shadows come no more.

Minnie Minton, I am weary,
And I long to reach my goal,
But the waters of old Erie blue,
Across my memory roll;
I seem to hear you singing
By the waters of the bay,
And I only hear the bugle
As the armies march away.

Chorus—
Oh, Minnie, dear Minnie, etc.

Minnie Minton, I am dying,
As the world recedes from view,
And I see the old flag flying
O'er the rebel rag of blue;
I behold our heroes saintly,
As they're marching to the fray,
And I hear the bugle faintly
As the armies march away.

Chorus—
Oh, Minnie, dear Minnie, etc.

Chat Around the Fire.

William S. Rogers, of America, Ill., is a straight Republican and an old soldier, having served from July, 1861, to July, 1865, in Co. I, 7th Ills.

"Subscriber," Sumter county, Fla.:

I am a subscriber to the BLADE, and think it a valuable paper; the questions are worth the money alone. I always read everything in it. I saw the boys were disputing about the Bentonville fight, and as to who did the most fighting on the Union side, the eastern or western army. So the Null letter was written. I thought I would try and get them on a fresh trail. There never was a shadow of such a thought in the writer's mind as the contents of the letter indicated or any other man's mind in Florida. If there was it is not known to me. I hardly ever hear the war mentioned. It was old grape vine news and fireside talk during hostilities between the armies of the North and South, old things the writer knew 25 years ago. If the letter had never been replied to, the writer would have explained the meaning of it. All the same I would scorn to have any man North to think any man South entertained such an idea or thought as that contained in the letter. I think the armies under Gen. Sherman and Gen. Grant did what they set out to do. They could not do anything else. I think the boys ought to quit disputing about what they did or what they did not do. Recollect that Pres. Lincoln said that there was glory enough for all. As to the killing of the crippled soldiers, the writer was in a neighborhood where they said it was done in one instance, but was done by men raised in the South, if it was done at all. Now, boys, quit quarreling and tell your ups and downs without disputing and disagreeing.

D. Wallace, Co. I, 47th Ills, Valley Center,

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of genealogy, nor interest to correspondents regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the Question Bureau, and contain not more than four questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it, and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer by mail. The question bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle petty disputes or locate bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has a right to claim a reply, as all matter for this department passes through the hands of one man, he is the best judge of what shall and what shall not be answered. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are strictly complied with.

A. Pharo, of Kansas, will please send to the Bureau an address at which a letter will reach him.

J. L. B., Seneca, Ill.: The county clerk is probably right, and naturalization papers are instructions. At all rate, it would be best to follow his instructions.

F. L., Eaton, O.: Which is the better edition of Shakespeare, Hudson or Rolfe? Your mode of nothing of either, and want to purchase the best.

Both are excellent.

B. F. S., Speerfish, Dak.: What is Indian summer; what causes it, and what does it derive its name from?

A period of warm, pleasant weather after the autumnal storms. The Indians regard it as the gift of their most honored deity, the God of the Southwest, who sends the southwest winds, and to whom they believed their souls to go after death.

Sub., Arlington, Neb.: 1. Can I get a copy of the United States Postal Guide free of charge? 2. Are reports of Congress distributed free? 3. To whom must I apply for them?

No. 2 Very few. 3. The Postal Guide is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; the large January number costs $1 in paper, or $1.25 in cloth. The others cost 10 cents each. For Congressional reports, apply to your member of Congress, or write to the public printer, Washington, D. C.

R. S. V., Hopedale, O.: 1. Were state elections held in the eleven seceding states uninterruptedly during our civil war? 2. Was there any organized opposition in the South to the war?

1. Yes. 2. After the adoption of the ordinance of secession, there was no organized opposition, though many Union men could be found in different portions of the South. Previous to secession, the parties were known as Secessionists and Democrats.

E. F. H., Glen Elder, Kan.: 1. Does the Senate confirm the appointments of postmasters made by the President? 2. Please locate and give date of establishment of the international date line. 3. Was there a fusion of Republicans and Democrats in Maine last fall?

1. Yes. 2. Lost-date line has been reckoned from Greenwich for a number of years. Recently an attempt was made to have a change made to some point in Asiatic, we think, but it was not successful. 3. Yes.

J. D. B., Pen., Pa.: 1. When and by whom was the telephone invented? 2. Also the Gatling gun?

1. There is a dispute about the invention of the telephone between Prof. Elisha Gray, of Chicago, in 1876, invented an instrument which he called a reinotor, which proved the basis of the telephone as now used. Prof. Bell, of Boston, exhibited his instrument in 1876. 2. Richard J. Gatling made the first Gatling gun at Indianapolis in 1862. It is a machine gun which is loaded and fired while the barrels are revolving under the power of a gear wheel. A front view of the Gatlings is placed in the upper of the gun, and one by one these drop out as one of the half dozen or more barrels comes around to position. It will fire 400 shots per minute, and is deadly.

F. Schoenberg, Pa.: Explain about "Penelope's web." Spencer says:

"Penelope, for her Ulysses' sake,
Devised a web her wooers to deceive."

During the absence of Ulysses she was beleaguered by numerous and importunate suitors, whom she deceived by declaring that she must finish a large robe which she was making for Laertes, the father of Ulysses, before she could make up her mind. During the daytime she accordingly worked at the robe, and in the night she undid the work of the day. By this means she succeeded in putting off the suitors. But at length her stratagem was betrayed by her servants; and when, in consequence, the faithful Penelope was pressed more and more by the importunity of her wooers, Ulysses himself arrived in Ithaca, after an absence of twenty years. Having recognized her husband by several signs, she heartily welcomed him, and the days of her grief and sorrow were at an end.

Reader, Rossville, Ia.: Please give a description of Kansas City, Mo. Kansas City was laid out in 1850, in 1860 its population was only 4,418, and in the decade from 1870 to 1880 it rose from 32,260, and is now estimated at about 70,000. It is on the south bank of the Missouri river, one-half mile below the mouth of the Kansas river. By railroad it is 246 miles west of St. Louis. About a dozen railroads meet there from various directions, and the trains of several lines cross the Missouri river on a magnificent iron bridge, which is over one mile in length. It cost $1,000,000. The city is mostly built on the top and sides of a steep hill, the site having originally been very rough and uneven. Much money has been expended in sewers, water works and mains. It is the centre of a rich and extensive agricultural resources, with an abundance of coal, lead and iron. It has a large business in live stock and grain, and in manufacturing railroad iron, furniture, linseed oil, car wheels, flour, etc., etc.

W. O. T., Bedford, O.: J. F. M., Moline, Tenn., asks if ocean steamers use water direct from the ocean in their boilers, and your answer is in the negative. Answer: I crossed from Rotterdam in 1882, and to and from Antwerp, Belgium, in 1883, by ocean steamers, and was told that only fresh water was used for steam, that the escape of steam passed through a condenser, which was cooled by a large stream of ocean, or salt water, constantly pumped in and ejected from the condenser, so that the same water was used indefinitely, for days and weeks. I saw no little fish. Of course the steam passed through the cold water in pipes similar to those in the boilers, and was forced into the great tank, to go the same round again. The answer of a gentleman who has crossed the ocean and is conversant with it as speculative the answer of a gentleman who has crossed the ocean and is conversant with it as speculative the answer of a gentleman who has crossed the ocean and is conversant with it as speculative the

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., PUBLISHERS. | D. R. LOCKE, EDITOR.

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Of the 600 and more changes made in the offices of Presidential postmasters since the adjournment of the Senate, 249 were caused by removals. By December 1, there will be nearly 100 vacancies in the Presidential offices, caused by the expiration of commissions and by resignations, and it is the intention of the Postmaster General to give his attention to these offices before making any considerable changes elsewhere.

"Josh Billings," whose real name was Henry W. Shaw, died at Monterey, Cal., on Oct. 14, of apoplexy. He was born in Lanesborough, Mass., in 1818. He removed to the West at an early age and became a farmer. Afterward for twenty-five years he was an auctioneer, settling finally at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. His first appearance in print was made over the *nom de plume* of "Josh Billings," by which he has since become widely known. His writings consist largely of quaint maxims, spelled after methods of the writer's own, and contributed to a New York paper. He has lectured extensively, and by this means and the publication of four volumes of his sketches and his annual "Almanax," he accumulated a handsome fortune.

The American Iron and Steel association adopted resolutions at its last meeting, expression of its opinion as to the questions put by Sec. Manning in his recent circular letter on the tariff, declaring that the tariff act of 1883 is on the main a wise law; that the association opposes further changes other than the substitution of specific for *ad valorem* duties, thus doing away with the false invoices, the most prolific source of fraud in the collection of customs; desires the correction of a few manifest errors in the present schedule, including the low rate on tin plate, which gives Great Britain a monopoly of the manufacture, and expresses the opinion that an agitation of a general tariff revision will check the revival in business recently begun.

The Boston *Herald*, which is the organ of the Massachusetts mugwumps, is discussing the future prospects of the Democratic party and of Cleveland's administration with a great deal of care. It analyzes the present status of affairs between the President and his party—or the spoils Democrats, which, after all, is the same thing, as the spoilsmen running the party—and finds that there are but three possible solutions to follow:

The President will abandon his reform views, and surrender to the spoilsmen of the party;

The spoilsmen will yield to the President;

The Democratic party will be broken up.

After discussing each of the three horns of this trilemma, the *Herald* comes to the conclusion that the third solution is the most probable, and therefore prophesies a Bourbon break-up. The *Herald* evidently don't know Democracy. It is like sin—it doth abound in this world, and will continue to do so. And like the horse-leech's three daughters, it cries "Give, give, give!" No; the party won't go to smash, nor will the spoilsmen give in; Cleveland will either yield, or he will be a President without a party.

On the day of the Ohio election, the Richmond *Whig*, in an editorial article, said:

> Ohio votes to-day on an issue which is more directly and practically Virginia's than hers. It is that which variously presents itself in demands for free politics, free elections, free ballots, full votes and fair counts; for civil and political equality for individuals, states and sections; for freedom of opinion—soul liberty—whether in political or religious matters.

No one in the free North can understand what an advocacy of Republican principles in the South involves. The white man who actively goes into politics is socially ostracised, with his family. The theory is preached, and practiced, as far as possible, that all the respectability is in the Bourbon ranks—on the "white man's side." The man who is brave enough to avow his Republicanism is considered to be fit only for "nigger" society. The old anti-bellum prejudices are still potent, and the question of social recognition and equality is inextricably confused in the average Bourbon mind with that of political equality. He who votes with the "niggers" is considered only fit for "nigger" society; and in every one of the thousand ways which masculine ingenuity and feminine spite and prejudice can invent the white Republican, his wife, his sons and daughters, are made to feel the force of social condemnation, are cut off from friendship and association with the great mass of white society. Public opinion is against him and his, and it is more potent than any other single influence in keeping the Bourbons in political power. Virginia has much of this feeling, but less than her sister states farther south, and more removed from the influence of neighboring free states. There is some hope of a Republican triumph, now that Ohio has spoken. Should Wise be elected, it will be a notable event in our political history. An avenue will have been opened for the march of the spirit of the age—for the abrogation of the color line, the decay of sectionalism, and the restoration of the political conditions contemplated by our form of government—the supremacy of the will of a majority of a free people.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The business of the past week has been very quiet. The usual comparative lull which follows the principal rush in autumn trade has been quite generally reported from nearly all sections, but this sequence is a thing to be taken for granted. The more general and substantial pointers to indicate the trend of current events have looked to activity and expansion, as well as increasing commercial strength. The purchasing of railroad stocks and bonds has been on a scale hitherto unequaled in 1885, and the public are clearly taking a more active part in bull speculation. The lull in jobbing distribution naturally follows the purchasing for the season's retail demand, but it will require some little observation of future events to determine whether or not the future is being accurately discounted—whether at a rate too high or too low. There is no boom anywhere, nor is there any real buoyancy displayed anywhere except in certain fields of speculation, but there is in general commerce the better condition of steadiness, stability, conservatism and a fairly healthy degree of activity.

The business failures for the past week, according to R. G. Dun & Co.'s report, foot up a total of 160 for the United States and Canada. This is a less total, and a lower average for every section of the country, than for some time past.

The 29th of October has been recommended by the State Superintendent of Pennsylvania as Arbor day for the schools of that state. Very many of the states now have arbor days, which promises well for the tree culture of the future.

The New Orleans Exposition is to be reopened in about four weeks, under new management, and the prospects for a successful season are very flattering. A good road has been constructed from the city to the grounds, which was entirely wanting last winter, and many sanitary precautions taken which were then neglected. The exhibit promises to be finer also, and the New Orleans people are feeling greatly encouraged over the matter.

One by one the hopes cherished by David B. Hill of succeeding himself as governor of New York state drop and fade. The nominations made by the New York City County Democracy preclude the union of the factions in a common ticket, and the outcome will be three Democratic tickets in the field with all the trading away of votes for the state that such a course usually involves.

The election campaign seems to be growing warmer in Great Britain. There is an abundance of speeches being made but no new development of policy that is especially marked. The Irish difficulty is still the main point and the two parties continue to bid for the Irish vote. The question of the disestablishment of the Church seems for the time to have receded into the background.

The practice of boycotting will come up before the courts in Ireland. Notices were posted warning the public against purchasing butter from a Limerick merchant, and casting imputations upon the character of his goods. He files suit for libel, placing his damages at $50,000. The trial will be of great interest.

For some time there has been a crisis pending between the king of Denmark and the Folkthing or Parliament, which reached a climax last Saturday by the rejection of the ministerial budget by the Folkthing. This action will of course necessitate, or at least will be likely to cause, a resignation of the ministry. The struggle between the king and Parliament has been long and severe, but the ending is not surprising.

The condition of affairs in the Balkan peninsula is not greatly changed from what it was last week. Servia and Greece still threaten war if the union of Bulgaria and Roumelia is recognized by the Powers. Servia has armed herself and is ready to fight as soon as it seems to her necessary, and Greece is in the same position. If it were not for the demands of these two states the matter could be quickly arranged. Russia would like to remove Prince Alexander, if possible, but at present there seems little probability of Germany and Austria uniting in its designs. There has been a rumor that the Servians had crossed the border, but that is now discredited.

Bulgaria has offered a compromise to Servia while awaiting the decision of the Powers, in the way of an adjustment of the frontier. It is thought that the town of Widin, claimed by Servia, will be yielded to her, and if this should be satisfactory, peace will be assured between the two states, and one phase of the question be settled.

Turkey will not consent to the union of Bulgaria and Roumelia, and will fight, so the cable reports say, against any further dismemberment of her small European area. Military stores and troops are being gathered on the frontier, and the situation looks decidedly warlike.

A matter that is of considerable interest is the proposed annexation of Burmah to the British possessions in Asia. King Theebaw has been conducting himself in a most insulting manner towards the British commissioner, which has given Lord Dufferin an excuse for interference in the affairs of that country. The real motive, however, is the fear that France may carry her machinations from Tonquin into Burmah, a thing which seems possible because of King Theebaw's evident leaning towards the French. On the other hand it is hardly probable that in the present condition of affairs, France will do anything so openly defiant of the wishes of England, and so evidently a challenge to measure strength.

The Montreal authorities have succeeded in having thousands of citizens vaccinated, but the smallpox is still prevalent, and scores of people die every day. The disease has such a hold upon the city that few people who have not had it, or may not be protected by vaccination, can hope to escape. So many have been vaccinated within a short time that a falling off in the mortality at an early day is looked for with confidence.

Newfoundland's political parties are divided this year upon religious grounds, and trouble is feared at the elections which take place the 21st of this month.

Wheat exportation has been greatly stimulated at Indian ports, by a difference in the English and the local price for wheat for home consumption, which affords a profit of two and a half per cent. for exportation to England.

INDUSTRIAL SIDE OF THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

The industrial side of the liquor business in its various ramifications is not generally understood. We referred the other day to the fact that a considerable agricultural population in the interior of New York state is vitally interested in the popularity of beer as a beverage, since it makes a difference of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the hop-growers of Oneida and adjoining counties whether there is a good demand for hops from the brewers. An Ohio paper points out that the sum of nearly $6,000,000 is annually paid the farmers of that state for the grain used in the business of distilling and the production of malt, while almost as much more is expended for other raw material used in the production of beer, ale and wine. The whole number of persons in the country who get their living in one way or another out of the production of liquors of various sorts would make an army of no mean proportions.—*New York Evening Post.*

If this is intended as a reason for continuing the liquor traffic there never was put upon paper anything so absurd. "The Industrial Side of the Liquor Question," indeed!

It is quite true, too true, in fact, that the manufacture and sale of liquor affords a living to a vast army of men. It is also true, and altogether too true, that those who live out of liquor do get a better living than any other class of men. It is true that the manufacturers of liquors do pay immense sums to farmers and manufacturers for what they use. But because all this is true does it follow that the manufacture and sale of liquor should be encouraged?

War employs vast armies of men. Should we therefore encourage war?

Burglary, thieving, gambling and prostitution employ a vast army of men and women; are these vices to be therefore encouraged?

Is not every soldier a burden upon the industry of the country, a luxury for which all who are not soldiers have to pay? Is not every mouthful that a thief or gambler consumes just so much stolen from the labor of the country, for which the labor of the country must pay? The sale of liquor benefits the man who sells it, but it subtracts from, instead of adding to, the wealth of the country.

Every drop of liquor consumed lessens the consumption of everything else. The abolition of hop-fields would increase the consumption of flour and meat, among those who drink beer, more than ten fold. The consumer of the hop product consumes but little else. He robs the builder by not living in a decent house. He robs the butcher by not consuming meat in decent quantities for himself and family. He robs the newspaper publisher by never taking a paper. He robs the book-seller by never buying a book. He robs the clothier by spending his earnings in beer and going himself in rags, and condemning his family to the same. He robs the grocer, the hardware store, and every decent employment, in the same way. The beer-shop absorbs everything he can earn, and the rest of the community get nothing from him.

And more than this, he robs the community of his labor, for, after enough beer, he is incapable of labor. The robbery of the community goes farther. It is compelled to support his family, the innocents whom God and nature gave into his hands and made him responsible for.

No community ever suffered by abolishing beer. Wherever beer has been abolished the demand for other articles of necessity immediately increased. The moment the sale of liquor is prohibited in a community, the trade in all other goods increases, for the reason that the man who sunk his earnings in liquor shops had them to spend upon something else. The consumption of meat and bread, and afterward luxuries, increase in exact proportion as the sale of liquor diminishes. The workingman has not only his wages to spend for the comfort of himself and family, but he becomes immediately capable of earning more wages. The number of salesmen in useful branches of trade increase exactly as bar-tenders decrease.

No community ever got rich upon a vice. No community can thrive upon trades which destroy manhood and degrade womanhood. As well might it be said that a gambling hell is a benefit to a town because the gambler makes a part of the population. Every cent he spends is gotten by him without labor, and taken from some one who did labor for it, and who otherwise would have spent it upon something of use to himself and the world.

The industrial side of the Liquor question is the last one that should be held up for public approval. It has no industrial side, Its only work is the destruction of men and women. It is never planted anywhere that it does not burn like a prairie fire. Its presence in a community is indicated by roofless houses, patched windows, dirt and squalor. Its invariable accompaniments are squalid women and ragged children. Its marks are as plain as small-pox and as ineradicable. It means misery in this world and damnation in the next. It is the penitentiary and poor house filler and gallows-feeder. It stands in opposition to the church and school-house, and it is the opposer of everything good and the promoter of everything that is evil. It is the seducer of women and the debaucher of men. It is the parent of thievery, murder, brutality, idiocy, insanity, poverty and degradation of every kind and description. It kills industry, thrift and decency, and virtue cannot exist in its neighborhood. It is the one giant curse of the world, the one degrading and demoralizing influence which has not a single excuse for its existence.

That such a crime against humanity should be apologised for because it employs an army of men, is something more than singular. "The Industrial side of the Liquor question," furnishes a most excellent reason why we should

Pulverize the Rum Power.

Every subscriber who approves of the course of the Blade should, as a matter of duty, assist a trifle in extending its circulation. Send in a new subscription and also a list of names of those not subscribers, to whom we may send specimen copies.

A Chicago business paper comes forward with a theory to account for the plethora in the wheat market and the resulting abnormally low prices. It declares that the increase of the total wheat production of the country has averaged seven per cent. per annum for twenty years past, while the increase in population, and other factors of an increased demand, are more than supplied by a three per cent. increase yearly in the total crop. The remaining four per cent. is a drug in the market, unless there is such a shortage in European crops as to furnish a demand for it for export.

WHICH PARTY IS WORTHY OF THE PEOPLE'S CONFIDENCE?

The Republican party assumed control of the national government in 1861. Treason had done all it could to destroy the nation, and to break down the power and credit of the government. Business was prostrate, the country not having recovered from the financial crash of 1857, and the low tariff Democratic policy forbidding prosperity to our industries. The treasury was empty, the national credit destroyed, and the war cloud darkening the political sky. No greater task was ever imposed upon a party entering upon national control. Let us look at the twenty-four succeeding years, and see what the Republican party accomplished:

It crushed the greatest rebellion of modern times, and reconstructed the nation. It made the nation supreme, the Union indestructible, and laid in its grave the doctrine of state rights, and the resultant theory that a state could at will secede from the Union.

It blotted out the system of human slavery; it gave freedom to four millions of slaves, and turned these human chattels into citizens of the United States by conferring the right of suffrage upon them.

It adopted the policy of protection to American industries, revived our prostrate manufactures, thus adding untold millions to our wealth and giving occupation to hundreds of thousands of workingmen.

By its enlightened managment of the nation's affairs, it tripled the wealth of the country, and gave such an impulse to all the factors of growth that in that period our increase in population, in wealth and in power was much more rapid than it had ever been before.

By its policy of protection, and the consequent increase in our manufactures, it extended our foreign commerce so that we sold to other countries, during the years of Republican rule, hundreds of millions of dollars' worth more of our products than had been disposed of during the entire previous history of the country.

By the enlightened policy of the Republican party, our railroad system was extended to the Pacific, and consequently thousands of square miles of the Great West were turned from an unproductive wilderness into the richest farming country the sun ever shone upon, and great and wealthy states now exist which were before sparsely populated territories.

The Republican party gave to the country the most perfect financial system ever devised, and a stable currency, in place of the "wild-cat bank" issue of paper money under Democratic rule.

It raised the national credit to the highest point ever reached. Under Buchanan, an issue of six per cent. bonds went begging at a large discount, while the last issue of bonds under a Republican administration bore only three per cent. interest, and commanded a premium from the start!

It paid off the enormous national debt, contracted in putting down a Democratic rebellion, more rapidly than was ever before done by any nation, and the period of its entire payment was clearly set down, had the party continued in power.

While reducing the debt at this rapid rate, and raising the national credit to so high a point, it reduced the interest burden, from the close of the war from $172,000,000 per year to less than $60,000,000 annually.

It paid in premiums to the boys in blue, during its lease of power, about $1,000,000,000 in cash.

It did more for the country in that twenty-four years than had ever been done by the Democratic party since the days of Jefferson.

It kept every pledge it made the people, and showed itself worthy of the confidence reposed in it in every respect.

This magnificent record was made in the face of the malignant opposition of the Democratic party at every step. Not one measure leading to these magnificent results but was opposed from its inception by the Democratic party.

The Democratic party of the South inaugurated the rebellion.

The Democratic party of the North opposed the war for the preservation of the Union.

It opposed every measure calculated to bring the war to a successful issue.

It denounced Lincoln as a tyrant, and Grant as a butcher.

It, time and again, in state and national platforms, declared that the war was a failure.

It opposed the freeing of the slaves, and fought against the constitutional amendment forever abolishing slavery in the Union.

It opposed the conferring of the right of citizenship and suffrage upon the freedmen.

It opposed, and still opposes, the protection of American industries, and hopes to make this country only a producer of raw material for British manufacturers.

It opposed the greenbacks, but afterward embraced the idea, and endeavored to rush the country to ruin through the issue of uncounted millions of an irredeemable paper currency.

It threw discredit upon the issue of United States bonds, and declared they never could be paid.

It declared the national debt never could be paid; and it fought, and still opposes, the system of revenue by which that payment was rendered possible.

It opposed the national banking system, and the absolutely stable currency that system has given us.

It has stood in the way of the nation's progress at every step, and has opposed every one of the wise measures of the Republican party.

It has cursed every new move in the line of that advance which made the nation great, and powerful, and wealthy, under wise Republican rule.

It came into power, not by the suffrage of a free people, but by the suppression of a free ballot and an honest count, and a practical nullification of the most sacred constitutional guarantees, by the Bourbons of the South.

During the period it has been in power, the blighting effect of its policy has been felt in the nation. The times were ripe a year ago for a grand revival of business. The result of the November election clouded the future with uncertainty. The Democratic party as feared, its policy doubted, by the business world. Wages went lower than ever. The business prostration was deeper. Several weeks ago, at the opening of the fall trade, it seemed absolutely certain that the long looked for trade revival must come. The idiotic leaders of the Democracy are prating of free trade, and gabbling of the wild schemes or tariff reduction they will attempt in Congress this winter; and it is this, and nothing else, that delays the rapid revival in manufactures and commerce. The boom is coming, but it is in spite of the Democratic party; and were the administration and the House of Representatives Republican, we would see to-day the entire country moving along in the full sunlight of prosperity, instead of the doubt and uncertainty which still surrounds the situation.

The Democracy, instead of considering grave questions of national policy, have been since Cleveland came into power struggling to obtain office under the government, and cursing the President for his foolishness in supposing that the Democratic party meant anything by its platform utterances in favor of civil service reform.

Our national revenue is decreasing steadily under Democratic rule; and there is no reason, other than distrust of Democratic Congressional idiocy, for such a state of affairs.

The Democrats made much of the treasury surplus during last year's campaign, and promised that it should be "distributed"—a thing that can only be done by payment of debts, and calling in bonds; but—

There has not been a bond call since the Democracy came into power! Not one dollar has been paid on the bonded debt!

The amount of money in the treasury is greater than it ever was before, and there is not enough business sense in the present management of the national finances to continue the work of paying the national debt.

It is already announced that the debt will not be extinguished at the time set by the Republicans long ago; and the burden of the debt and its interest is to be prolonged indefinitely.

The United States has been made the laughing stock of foreign nations by the utterly incompetent men sent to represent us abroad—men selected, not for their fitness, but because of their services to the Southern Confederacy—men with their political disabilities still unremoved.

Men have been given positions at home who are utterly incompetent and unfit for office—some who are criminals, with indictments hanging over them; men who have no claim upon office other than dirty political work in the Democratic ranks.

And the thing grows worse as time passes on. Will the people take heed of these things, and note them carefully? Ohio has set the seal of her condemnation upon the Democratic party. Let New York, and Pennsylvania, and Virginia follow! The stake is too great, the interests too valuable, for the Democratic party to be continued in power in the nation. It must abandon its old idols, and turn its face to the future instead of the past, before the people will have confidence in it or its professions.

We want the Blade to reach a circulation this winter of 200,000. We are entitled to it, and shall have it if our patrons use their influence in our behalf. All who like the Blade can at least induce one new subscriber. This is the time to do the work. Spread the good old Blade.

The annual report of Commissioner Sparks, of the United States General Land office, will show that many of the land grant railroad companies have more land than they are entitled to. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe has over a half a million acres in excess of its grant. The Winona & St. Peter shows a good second with 400,000 acres. The Land Office claims that sufficient facts have been ascertained to demonstrate that the St. Paul & Sioux City, the Winona & St. Peter, and the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba companies have each a large amount of lands that were not embraced in their grants. Maps have been made showing how false lines were run in surveying the bends and crooks of the grants whereby large amounts of land were taken. It is understood that the report will recommend that suits be brought to recover from the railroad companies the lands patented to them in excess of their grants.

The "spelling school craze," which had a run through the country several years ago, is likely to be revived as an amusement this winter. It has much to commend it. It is not much credit to be a good speller, but very discreditable not to spell well. It is well for young people to remember this. Many a youth has lost a good-paying situation, and many a young man has lost the chance of the best wife by failing to make a study of his spelling-book and dictionary when young. There is no place where bad spelling looks worse than in a love letter. A badly spelled love letter, written by either a young lady or gentleman, will spoil a hundred romantic tete-a-tetes by moonlight, and lock the whole case up in chancery.

The meeting of the Cherokee Nation's legislature in November will see a strong concerted attack upon Chief Bushyhead. There are three parties in the territory—National, Loyal and Downing, and the two latter factions are expected to combine against the former, which is led by Bushyhead. The principal charges against him are that he was largely interested in giving a lease to a syndicate of cattlemen of 6,000,000 acres of Cherokee land at a nominal rental, and that a recent sale of land for $300,000 was without the consent of the people.

Sen Eustis, of Louisiana, who snorted his defiance at Cleveland some three months ago, because the latter would not turn every Republican office-holder out at once, and put Bourbon politicians in their places, declares that the result of the Ohio election is a direct blow at the administration. He accuses Cleveland of bad faith, in persuading Hoadly to run, against the latter's wishes, by the promise of all possible aid in the way of federal patronage in Ohio, and in failing to do anything that he promised.

The total value of the exports of breadstuffs from this country during September, this year, was $9,067,700; September, last year, $13,631,355. For the three months ending September 30, 1885, $25,449,571; for the same period of 1884, $42,522,156. For the nine months ending September 30, 1885, $102,344,248; for the same period of 1884, $110,696,533.

Previous reports of the potato rot in New York and New England are confirmed, and it is estimated that the loss in that most important source of supply will amount to one-third of the crop. The rice crop of the Southeast was damaged in different localities by late storms 25 to 75 per cent., or 150,000 to 200,000 barrels out of a possible total of 600,000 barrels. The yield, however, will amount to about an average.

Sec. Manning, believing it to be impracticable to secure under existing laws accurate statistics of immigrants arriving in the United States from contiguous foreign territory, has ordered the discontinuance of such statistics for the present.

The Most Liberal Offer Ever Made.

A Good Watch for an Hour's Work.

Any person—man, woman, boy or girl—who will raise a club of TEN for the Weekly Blade, at its lowest and only price, One Dollar each, will receive a warranted Waterbury Watch, free, by mail.

To secure this valuable premium, the ten names must be sent in at one time, with the price, $10. No other terms will be regarded.

Any one can raise a club of Ten for the Weekly Blade anywhere, in a very little time. It is easy to get subscribers for the Blade, for everybody ought to have it, and 200,000 families will have it this winter.

Take hold at once and get your watch. We will mail them, in every case, the day we receive the club.

We warrant every watch we send. There is no way in which a reliable time-piece can be so easily obtained.

A warranted watch for Ten yearly subscribers to the Weekly Blade.

NATIONAL ISSUES IN THE OHIO CAMPAIGN.

While state issues played their part in the late Ohio campaign, the grand triumph of Republicanism at the recent election was largely due to the discussion of certain national questions. Judge Foraker, in an interview since the election, gave four causes for the victory which have a national bearing, and but two which were purely local to Ohio. Summarized, the causes he gave were as follows:

1. Ohio is a Republican state on a full vote, and the Republicans felt it important to assert themselves at this the first election after the beginning of a Democratic administration.

2. The Republicans of Ohio are thoroughly aroused as to the question of a free ballot and an honest count. They do not wish to revive any of the prejudices of the war, but they are determined that there shall be equal power for each and every citizen in each and every state in the Union.

3. Our people are believers in a protective tariff policy, and they regard with great apprehension the lack of a settled policy in this respect on the part of the Democratic party. They fear the result of the threatened tinkering with the tariff.

4. The people distrust the financial policy of the new administration.

5. The Democratic state administration has been very unsatisfactory, and the legislature disgracefully corrupt.

6. The overthrow of the Scott law was unpopular.

The first place is given to the fact that the Ohio Republicans have asserted themselves against the Democratic national administration. They are not ready to bow down and worship at the shrine of Cleveland because he is endeavoring to carry out the principle of civil service reform. They see clearly that this, the only meritorious thing the President has attempted, is opposed at heart by the Democratic party. That party is not in accord with the President. He stands practically alone on this question. The civil service law was passed under a Republican administration, and put into operation by a Republican President. Its principle is believed in by the Republican party, and the Ohio Republicans do not feel like supporting a Democratic administration simply because it is endeavoring to favor one Republican principle, when it opposes Republicanism on all other vital questions.

The great national question which attracted much attention in the Ohio campaign was that of "a free ballot and an honest count." This is the issue miscalled the "bloody shirt" issue by the Democrats. It is not a war issue. It does not revive any question at stake in the war. It refers to events no later than the campaign of last year, when six Southern states gave their electoral votes to Cleveland, which votes, had the people been allowed to cast their ballots as they desired, and had those ballots been honestly counted, would have been given for James G. Blaine, and he would have been President. No Democratic campaigner in Ohio disputed the fact. Not one attempted to explain or justify the policy of the Southern Bourbons. They tried to cover the issue with ridicule. The result of the election shows that the people of Ohio recognize it as a vital issue, and they consider it a question of the last importance whether the country shall be governed by the fair and honest rule of the majority, or by a reactionary minority through force and fraud.

Ohio's Republicans are determined that one white Bourbon in Mississippi shall not by his ballot wield twice or thrice the power in national politics that is possessed by a voter in New York, or Iowa, or any Northern state. They have said they oppose having six states send Representatives to Congress, to legislate for the whole country, who have no title to the seats they occupy other than that they were obtained by overawing colored voters, or fraudulently refusing to count their honest ballots. They have set the seal of their condemnation upon a Democratic administration whose title to office is vitiated by the frauds by which the Southern electoral votes were obtained. Let their brethren in New York, and Pennsylvania, and Iowa speak!

The tariff question entered into the campaign because the mass of Ohio people are protectionists. They understand thoroughly that the prosperity of American industries is menaced by the Democratic party, and they gave a premonition of what their verdict will be next year at the Congressional election.

Foraker's next point is a general one—that the people distrust the financial policy of the administration. And well they may. The payments on the national debt have stopped. Not a dollar has been paid on our bonded debt since Cleveland took his seat. The receipts are falling off, but the expenditures are not reduced in proportion. The receipts from the internal revenue alone show an enormous decrease, due to the substitution of incompetent Democrats for Republican officials. The "moonshiners" of the South are practically let alone, and the revenue suffers. If this unsatisfactory state of affairs continues to increase, Congress will be called upon to find measures to increase the revenue, instead of curtailing it. The administration does not know how to deal with the silver question. In fact, it does not know how to handle the finances of the nation.

Let the Republicans of other sister states which hold elections this fall take the example of Ohio to heart, and show by their works that they are in line with their brethren of the glorious old Buckeye state!

NASBY.

[Indorsed.]

In your issue of August 20 there was an account of Jeff Davis's capture, as related by an Indiana cavalry company officer at a reunion. He gave the honor to the 2d Michigan and 1st Wisconsin. Well, I am always glad to have any Michigan regiment credited with honors, but, boys, don't depend upon your memories for anything. Twenty years have erased a great part of your army experience. I am not writing from memory. I will copy a few lines from "Michigan in the War," not disputing anything myself about Lieut. Irgrigg's having "Jeff" as his prisoner for eight days, in a rickety old wagon, the calico wrapper, hoop skirt, straw hood, which, he says, formed his disguise, although I was then at Macon and helped guard him as a member of the 4th Michigan cavalry, after he was captured on the way to Macon. The following is a copy of the original letter, written by Col. Pritchard with a lead pencil, announcing the capture of Jefferson Davis:

Headquarters Fourth Michigan Cavalry, Abbeville, Ga., May 11, 1865.

Capt Scott, A. A. A. G., 3d Division C. C. [illegible], L. N.:

Sir—I have the honor to report that at daylight yesterday at Irwinsville, I surprised and captured Jeff Davis and family, together with his wife's sister and brother, his postmaster general (Reagan), his private secretary (Col. Harrison), Col. Johnson, A. D. C. on Jeff's staff, Col. Morris, Col. Lubock, Lieut. Hathaway, also several unimportant names, and a train of five wagons and three ambulances, making a most perfect success, had not a most painful mistake occurred, by which the 4th Michigan and 1st Wisconsin collided, which cost us two men killed and Lieut. Boutel wounded through the arm in the 4th Michigan, and three men wounded in the 1st Wisconsin. This occurred just at daylight after we had captured the camp by the advance of the 1st Wisconsin courier not properly answering our challenge by which they were mistaken for the enemy. I returned to this point last night; shall move right on to Macon without awaiting orders from you as directed, feeling that the whole objects of the expedition are accomplished. It will take at least three days to reach Macon, as we are 75 miles out, and our stock is much wearied. I hope to reach Hawkinsville to-night. I have the honor, sir, to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

B. D. Fritchard,
Lieutenant Colonel 4th Michigan Cavalry.

In Col. Pritchard's more full report to the secretary of War, Hon. E. M. Stanton, he says he received orders from the War department to procure the disguise worn by Davis at the time of his capture. He received from Mrs. Davis a lady's water proof cloak or robe which Mrs. Davis said was worn by Davis as a disguise at the time of his capture, and was identified by the men who saw it on him at the time, and a shawl which was also identified and admitted to be the one worn by Davis. These two articles completed the outfit; they were turned over to the secretary of War.

L. Hopkins, 4th Mich. Cav., Minty's Brig. Gaines, Mich.

The Battle of Piedmont.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

Mrs Cummings wished a description of the battle of Piedmont given. As to giving a satisfactory description of that battle, I may not, as I have no diary, having lost mine when captured by the Johnnies. We were a part of what was known as the W. Va. department. After having fought the New Market battle under Gen. Seigle, and to some extent suffered defeat but turned the rebels from their intended route, we fell back to Winchester, received fresh supplies, a reinforcement and a new commander, Gen. Hunter, of whom I can not say much, we again advanced up the valley, meeting with but little opposition until we got to Piedmont where the grey coats were pretty strongly fortified along the bluffs near the river. Our brigade formed the left of our division and was not engaged in the first of the fight, but were exposed to shot and shell and falling branches of timber, while the right of the division was making charge after charge upon the enemies' works and were repelled as often. Word came to us to reinforce the right, to which Col. Curtis, colonel of the 12th W. Va., then commanding our brigade, replied: "Wait and see what my West Virginia boys can do." Our brigade was brought into line of battle at once with orders not to fire.

Our column moved steadily forward amid the leaden hail until within about twenty paces, when the command was given, "Charge! Aim low! Fire at will!" Then with a yell and clank of arms and roar of musketry, we went over their works with a determination to conquer or die. Virginia met Virginia, and there was a desperate struggle, in which many of our brave boys lost their lives, the rest of us pushing on, capturing many and scattering the rest to the four winds. Will write again about our further march at Lynchburg.

J. R. Young, Co. E, 13th W. Va.
Ellinwood, Kan.

The Regular Service.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

Having served in the 61st Mass., three years in the 3rd U. S. artillery, and sixteen years in my present Co. D 9th artillery, I thought that my words might have some weight in dispelling the erroneous and false opinions concerning the regular army, and the comforts attached to it. The supposition that it is composed of men that have no push or energy to make a living or were addicted to some vice such as drink or gambling or were fleeing from a warrant, as regards the first charge, energy, that is the first requisite of a soldier and the desertions from the army are mainly composed of men who enlisted under the false idea that the regular army was emblematic of laziness and who soon found out their mistake. Officers are often unjustly blamed for this exodus of recruits, when it was utterly impossible to mould a soldier out of the material presented. As regards the comforts of a soldiers life, I would state that at all established posts are issued mattresses, pillows and sheets with facilities for bathing not found in tenement or boarding houses. There are reading rooms containing books, magazines and papers where the soldier can cultivate his mind if he is so disposed. Both books are issued by the government for soldiers deposits giving four per cent. interest, with no danger of the cashier changing his address to Canada. After twenty years service you are entitled to the soldiers home where you are relieved of care of body and mind, if you have the paying powers of weathering it out for 30 years you are pensioned at the rate of two-thirds pay and allowances which amounts to about $25 for a private and $32 for a first sergeant. These advantages overbalance the supposed liberties of working elbow to elbow with our Celestial neighbors for a dollar a day. After making the rounds with my company at the Boston fire in '78, the Baltimore riots, the strikes at Keyser, W. Va., and the mining disturbances at Wilkesbarre, Penn., and seeing the miserable condition of the working classes I thank my stars for having the good judgment to retain with Uncle Sam.

J. Waters, Light Battery, 5th Art.
Ft. Omaha, Neb.

Defending the Old Commander.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

R. Hanaw, Co. A, 41st Ohio says: "Logan was a good soldier, and a man that every soldier ought to vote for." Granted with all my heart. "He was a friend in the army to a private soldier, and if they could elect him there would be no doubt but that every soldier would get a pension." Now see here, partner; hadn't you better drop the first syllable of your name and spell out squares and honest? You say that he wouldn't do as Grant did. I suspect that Grant held you down too close to business after he took command of the army that fought before Richmond, at the battle of Antietam, and a score of others.

Now, comrades, in the name of humanity and common decency, let the grand old hero rest in peace. Perhaps you deserve a pension, but not any more than thousands of others do; and how in the name of all that is wonderful could John A. Logan help you to get a pension unless you can make him President and Congress all in one?

Now, when you say Grant was not the friend of the private soldier you are simply falsifying the truth, or you are repeating the complaints of some sorehead, or, perhaps, your own head is a little affected.

[illegible] a member of Co. F, 11th Iowa, Crocker's [illegible] division, 17th corps.

If you agree with the Blade in the position it takes on questions of importance to the public, do the cause good by extending its circulation. You can do your neighbor no greater good than by getting it into his family. Every subscriber to the Blade who approves its course should send in one new name.

Some of the Eastern mugwump papers are endeavoring to claim that Hoadly's defeat was due to his being a representative of the "spoils system," and that the civil service reform Democrats voted for Foraker as a means of indorsing Cleveland. This is absurd. Hoadly was Cleveland's candidate for governor; the Ohio Republican platform and orators denounced the Cleveland administration, while the Ohio Democratic platform and orators sustained the administration.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The bill passed by the last Michigan legislature prohibiting the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine has been held unconstitutional by a Detroit judge.——B. F. Allen, a few years ago the wealthiest and most influential citizen of Iowa, the incidents of whose failure are still fresh in the public mind, has secured his release from the jail in Chicago on a bond of $15,000 given by friends.——The postoffice at Waverly, O., was forced by burglars, who secured $700 in public funds.——The Baltimore & Ohio railroad has declared a semi-annual dividend of 5 per cent.——The municipal authorities of Marseilles demand the expulsion of the Orleanist princes from France, and that an attempt to restore the monarchy be declared treason, with death as the penalty.——Forged vaccination certificates have been presented at Detroit by persons from Montreal.——In a three-mile contest on the Hudson river at Albany, Hanlan and Lee finished in 18¼ minutes, beating Courtney and Conley by three lengths.——Mr. H. W. Shaw, better known as Josh Billings, the humorist, died at Monterey, Cal., of apoplexy.——Mrs. Hannah Remley was sentenced to imprisonment for life at Dodgeville, Wis., for having aided her son in the murder of her husband.——The anti-Chinese movement in Washington territory is thoroughly organized, and aims at nothing less than a revolution in the labor system of the Pacific slope.——During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885, the Dominion government has spent over $350,000 on immigration. Assisted immigration since 1880 has cost Canada about $1,500,000.——The green glass bottle manufacturers of the United States, in session at Pittsburg, decided on a reduction of from ten to fifteen per cent. in wages.——The St. Louis street-railway strike has resulted in the complete defeat of the men, and many of the strikers are seeking employment elsewhere.——Gen. Howard has ordered the removal of the troops from the coal mines in Wyoming where the Chinese laborers were slaughtered.——Ben Smith, a well known railroad man and banker, died in the asylum for the insane at Columbus.——The President was surprised at the Ohio election. Administration Democrats at Washington declare that the Ohio brethren deserved defeat.——In an address at London, Herbert Gladstone declared that his father was in favor of excluding bishops from the house of lords.——The New York Prohibition committee has issued a challenge for a series of triangular joint discussions by the three candidates for governor of that state.——The Georgia legislature has instructed the Congressmen from that state to vote for the repeal of the internal revenue law.——Nearly the entire business part of Sandbank, N. Y., is burned.——The explorations of the headwaters of the Kowag and Notag rivers

OUR FOREIGN TRADE.

The recent report of the bureau o Statistics, giving the imports and export of the United States, shows a total valu of imports of merchandise of $577,527,829; total value of exports, $742,189,755. This shows a total foreign commerce of $1,319,717,084 for the fiscal year of 1884-85, and a balance of trade in our favor of $164,662,426; that is, we sold to foreign countries that much more than we bought.

It is instructive, as marking the enormous growth of the nation's commerce—a growth that parallels our increase in population and wealth—to compare the enormous total of the past year's commerce with the figures for several corresponding years of the past. In 1825, the foreign merchandise imports and exports of the United States amounted to only $113,982,898; in 1835, to $151,520,616; in 1845, $120,769,103; in 1855, $283,967,076; in 1865, $267,834,635; in 1875, $547,164,047; and in 1884-85, as given above, $1,319,717,083. That is, our last year's commerce was about eleven times as great as that of 1825, eight times as great as that of 1835, ten times that of 1845, more than four times that of 1855, and almost five times that of 1865, and about two and one-half times as great as the large aggregate foreign trade of 1875. In all cases above, the figures given are exclusive of the movement of coin and bullion.

The story of these figures is one of extraordinary progress. It is to be noted, too, that the grandest strides have been made since the adoption of the protective tariff system. Our commerce has increased more than twice as fast as our population since the people returned to the pursuits of peace after the war, and the tariff of 1862 had an opportunity to show its beneficent workings upon our manufactures and commerce. The result shows the tremendous power of our tariff system in fostering both. Though the business depression has pressed heavily upon us the past year, yet extraordinary progress was made—a progress unparalleled in history, which places our commerce second only to that of Great Britain and France, and gives promise of outranking them, if the hands of the tariff meddlers can be kept off our protective system.

THE selection of civil service commissioners to fill the vacancies caused by the resignation of DORMAN B. EATON and his associates is proving a perplexing problem to CLEVELAND. No Democrat will take Mr EATON'S position, for the party itself is opposed to a strict construction of the law, and will only be satisfied with a commission which will exclude Republicans and put in Democrats. In fact, the Democrats want a set of puppets who will turn the offices over to the spoilsmen. CLEVELAND hardly dare put Republicans in $3,500 positions; and even the mugwumps do not want the positions with all the difficulties that encompass them. Col. CODMAN, of Massachusetts, has been offered Mr. EATON'S position, but has declined it. There is some little talk of CARL SCHURZ, but it does not meet with favor.

ON November 3, twelve states hold elections for various state officers. Colorado elects a supreme court judge; Connecticut, one-half the senate and a full house of representatives; Florida will vote on a new constitution; Iowa elects governor, other state officers, and legislature; Maryland, controller and clerk of the court of appeals; Massachusetts, governor, state officers, and legislature; Mississippi, governor, state officers, and legislature; Nebraska, supreme court judge and university regents; New Jersey, part of the senate and assembly; New York, governor, state officers, and legislature; Pennsylvania, state treasurer; Virginia, governor, state officers, and legislature. One week later, on November 10, Arkansas holds an election for supreme court judge.

THERE promises to be a revival of interest in sorghum culture in the United States. The processes of manufacture have been so improved that it is now possible, it is claimed, to obtain a greater percentage of saccharine material from sorghum than from the sugar cane itself. Aside from this the seed is as nutritious as corn, and makes most excellent poultry food, the stalk is available as first-class fodder for live stock, and the refuse is a valuable addition to the compost heap.

THE present condition of Ireland is said to be alarming. The condition of the peasantry is even worse than it was a few years ago. Rents are not being paid and the National League is boycotting all who do not obey its behests. Any one disobeying its rules is deprived of all work or assistance of any kind and is, in fact, condemned to starvation. It is apparent that the coming winter will be worse than that of 1880-81.

OFFICIAL patronage don't seem to be as effective in Ohio politics as our Democratic brethren have always claimed. They had the offices, but the Republicans had the votes. Perhaps it may be discovered that neither state nor federal office holders are the tremendous factors in a campaign the Democrats have always affected to believe.

JAPAN is in a fair way to have great trouble with epidemic diseases. From January to July there were 4,472 cases of smallpox, with 1,191 deaths, and recent report say that at Nagasaki, between August 26 and September 1, there were 300 cases of Asiatic cholera. Of typhoid fever 7,934 cases are reported for the first half of the year.

THE ranchmen and cowboys in Arizona are organizing in armed bodies for the purpose of going on old-time Indian scalp-hunts, the reward for scalps having been increased from $250 to $500 each. This we suppose is the Western idea of the civilized way of dealing with the Indian question.

THE reports received at the Postoffice department from postmasters regarding the special delivery system all speak favorably of it, and the business is increasing as the people become familiar with the system.

AN examination of the scratched tickets in Cincinnati shows that many Democrats erased HOADLY'S name and substituted that of Dr. LEONARD, voting the remainder of the ticket straight.

THE Dayton *Journal* notes the fact that no Democrat was ever re-elected governor of Ohio. One term of a Democrat has always satisfied the people.

M. GREVY has got tired of being President of the French Republic. He declines a re-election.

GOV. FORAKER will be inaugurated on Monday, January 11, 1886.

Correspondence.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The BLADE does not pay for volunteer contributions of any kind. If poems, stories, sketches, etc., are sent to us, we will use them, if available; if not, they will be returned only if stamps are enclosed for that purpose. We will not hereafter preserve ANY MSS., and we will NOT be responsible for any sent us.

A VALUABLE EXCERPT.

What the True Southern Idea Is—No "Bloody Shirt" About This—A Matter for Northern Men to Ponder Deeply.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Thurman, Hoadly and lesser Democratic lights are raising a great hue and cry over the late speech of Hon. John Sherman. I desire to show what the Southern Democrats do and delight to do now. I do not want to shake the "bloody shirt," or bring up the past which seems to make the Bourbons so nervous, but only give a copy of a little of their record, to show what line of politics is most fashionable with Democrats down here now. From the "Southern Historical Society Papers," vol. 7, May, 1879, I copy from page 254 the following, *verbatim, et literatim, et punctualim:*

"The South has honored the Confederate soldier to an extent that has excited the Radical politicians. Our governors, our judges, our legislators, our state and county officers, our senators and congressmen, the professors in our colleges, our leading business men, our prominent professional men, our preachers under 45 years of age—in a word, nearly all the men occupying positions of honor, emolument or trust *which have been filled by the voice of the true people of the South* have been men who "wore the gray," proved true to the land they loved and *have not abandoned their principles since the war.* * * * * * We trust the day will never come when our southern people shall forget to honor the Confederate soldier or when the *voters* of the South shall neglect to put the survivors into the high places within their gift."

Here we have just what the Southern Democracy do and what politics they cherish *now.* The South is solid Democratic. All these honors are conferred by the will of the Democrats of the South. The *"principles for which the Southern soldier fought"* is honored by the voice of the Democratic party south *to day* and we who live in the south and fought to preserve the Union and the honor of our common country, are correspondingly dishonored. Is the Democratic party in Ohio the same as the Southern Democrat? Do they as a national Democratic party endorse the principals for which the Southern soldier fought to maintain? Could a Federal soldier or a Democrat in Ohio who was opposed to the rebellion and in favor of putting down the rebellion vote with the Democrats in the South if he should, perchance, reside there now?

A SOLDIER OF THE 11TH., KY.

Bowling Green, Ky.

P. S.—The italics in the above are my own.

TORNADO PREDICTION.

Saving Life and Property Through a Proposed Extension of the Signal Service.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

The attention of Congress is called to the fact that some of the terrible loss of life and property due to tornadoes can be averted. In 1882, Prof. T. B. Maury asserted what was then the fact, that the prediction of a tornado was a triumph yet to be attained by the science of meteorology. In less than two years from that time some predictions of tornadoes were successfully made by Lieut. John P. Finley, of the Signal service. The percentage of verified predictions is steadily increased by knowledge of the average conditions preceding each series of tornadoes, thus making the predictions more definite and local with each succeeding year. Already the predictions of safety for the day are effective. Of 3,228 predictions unfavorable to tornadoes, made in 1884, 3,201 were verified, and of 38 predictions that tornadoes would occur made in April and June, 1884, 18 were verified. Of 19 predictions that tornadoes would occur, made in June and July, 1885, 15 were generally verified. When tornadoes were predicted, in no instance did violent storms fail to occur, either hurricanes, tornadoes, or hail.

The failure of some predictions is doubtless due to inaccurate and insufficient reports from sparsely settled regions. While it is admitted that nothing like absolute control of these phenomena has been attained, yet the above figures clearly justify the presence of tornado signals, either of safety or danger at every telegraph station in Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Georgia and North Carolina, especially during April, May, June, July, August and September. It is hoped that Congress will direct the signal service to submit estimates of the expenses necessary to establish such a system of signals. The cost would be a few thousand dollars for flags or colored discs, and for telegraph service.

WILLIAM A. EDDY,
Tornado reporter, Signal Service, U. S. army.
135 East 16th street, New York.

Another Shot at "Observer."

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

In reading "Observer's" remarks I am led to write a few words in defense of my sex. He endeavors to put the blame of man's vices upon the wife's shoulders. He asks, why does the husband drink? and goes on to give some reasons why; among them are asking for money. If he had done his duty, there would be no necessity for her to humble herself to ask for what she has helped to earn and is rightfully her own. Look at our merry, happy girls, living an independent life, earning their own money, and spending it as they please, until one of the selfish "lords of creation," persuades one of them to share her liberty with him. My sisters the moment you do, you enter serfdom, never to know what it is to be your own mistress again. If you have the time and health to earn a few dollars for yourself aside from your household duties, be sure he would be just out of change, and could you let him have a little for a few days, and where is his honor to pay you back? Rest assured you are his, and your money also. Observer says the husband is driven away because his wife is faultfinding. Is it not enough to drive a woman to desperation! In nine cases out of ten she has not the necessaries of life, and she becomes broken down in health, with a large family to look after all by herself. After her liege lord comes to supper, which has been waiting for nine hours, or who has been on the corner, or in some billiard hall enjoying himself, while she has been obliged to do two day's work in one.

Oh, no, dear tired sister, you must never wear a frown, but must always meet that "animal" you are obliged to call husband with smiles, and be dressed just as you used to be when you were free. If it was not for that much dreaded term "old maid," how many would be persuaded to enter such a state of bondage! How many men are there that know that their poor tired wife ever wants to get away from home! They come home, eat their meals, take their hats and go out. Some may ask them why their wives never come out any more. They say my wife has so much to do she can't get time to go out. Oh, guilty man, what an admission for you to make, who placed her where she had no time to take the fresh air. Sir, at your door lies the crime and you must answer for it. We deny it to be the wife's fault if her husband is a drunkard. He seeks the society of the low and vulgar because it is his free choice, but how many of them, as degraded as they are, would be willing to take their wives in such bad company for an hour, but they will sit for hours in the poisoning fumes of tobacco and beer and go home to their wives in the most loathsome state, and expect them to welcome them gla ly. Cheeky! But I have made this already longer than I intended, but will say that I am delighted with the stand for the right you take. "Pulverise the Rum Power," and all the other vices. ANOTHER OBSERVER.

Kansas vs. Missouri.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

We have been introduced to the BLADE just three months, and are much pleased with it for reasons too numerous to mention. I notice in your issue of July 23 a letter from A. H. Burkholder, of Trenton, Mo., who is trying to carry the immigration from Kansas over into Missouri. I would like to say to Mr. Burkholder that it cannot be justly said that the lands of Missouri are "one-half cheaper than they are in Kansas." In the western part of Kansas there are public lands that can be had for simply settling down and going to work on them, and the land that is proved upon can be had for $500 or $600, while in Taney county, Mo., and her near neighbors, a man can get a patch of rock hills and gravel bars for an enormous price. However, I don't deny that in some parts of Missouri are good lands.

H. W. F.

For Bronchial, Asthmatic and Pulmonary Complaints, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" manifest remarkable properties. *Sold only in boxes.*

VIRGINIA DEMOCRACY.

A Sad Picture of the Old State—Ohio Calling for Aid from Virginia Bourbons.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Having been born under a Democratic administration and nursed by Democratic parents, I associated with Democratic friends until my sojourn in this, the oldest state in our glorious union, has so much disgusted me with Democracy that I almost feel like committing suicide. We are one hundred years behind the age in everything that is right, and two hundred years ahead in everything evil.

We have no roads, we have no schools, we can not get any account in the shape of reports of how the public funds are distributed, only that Mahone stole all that the state ever had. Now, as a Democrat, I can not but ask some of my northern friends in humanity to give me some light on the subject. Many good old Democrats who have not seen a razor for six months, nor a newspaper for double that time, come into town from the backwoods election districts to buy themselves pistols and ammunition, which they claim is necessary to guard the ballot box; that the Mahoneites are about to come into power again. With so many postoffices at stake, if this is not done because nine out of every ten are looking for an appointment to a postmastership, I am lost again. Now, although a Democrat, I don't like the ways nor the looks of these aspirants for postoffices who call themselves good Democrats, but when showing a petition it is always headed: "Mr. ——— was a good soldier in the Confederate army, and fought under command of Gen. Mosby, etc." This I could easily forget, as any good Democrat would; but their conduct since the close of the contest they so highly commend cannot be forgotten nor easily forgiven. Nine-tenths of these one-yard petition Democratic aspirants have either been engaged in illict moonshine distilling, cheating the government out of its revenue, and dodging the revenue officers and trying to rid themselves of the smoke by which they can be scented at long range. No, I cannot be a Democrat at this coming election, nor hereafter, if they do not stop this way of doing. I can't go that pine knot smell. They must come out and say, "we want free schools, liberty, etc.," as the people do in God's country; good public roads above all, so that when we go out electioneering, we do not need to take cow or hog trails, and in going through the thickets run upon an occasional moonshiner, bribe him by buying some of his wares, and solicit his aid in the election. This is not the kind of Democracy that was taught me. I was about to start a bone mill, but the neighbors began to kick. Some say it will take at least four of five years more before the people will become civilized enough to work their land and make use of nuy fertilizer, and it would only be a nuisance in the neighborhood—more so than that silver bill of Rep. Warner's of Ohio.

Democrats in Ohio must be feeling bad. An Ohio man who is here was the recipient of a letter a few days ago which read as follows:

"FRIEND JOHN:—The Democrats will pay your expenses here and back, if you will come and vote. We have not the postoffice as yet, but Rep. Warner has taken our petition,

Salem, Washington Co., O."

As the expenses will be $40, John says they should have sent it. He has become disgusted with the party, as well as myself.

Pocahontas, Va. SUBSCRIBER.

A Southern Man on the "Bloody Shirt."

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Is it indeed true that the Democrats of the South are in earnest in the cry of peace, or is it only a means used to blandish the Northern Democracy? Is it true that they mean what they say in their demand for the burial of sectional strife—"the bloody shirt"—or is it merely for the purpose of obtaining support from those who are ignorant of the malicious intent within? If the latter be true, is it not time the Republicans in the South should know it? Is it not time that it be proclaimed at home? Is it not time that it be inculcated in the minds of the Democratic masses in the South, who are as malignant as they are ignorant? Is it not time that it become a reality before being noised abroad? Judging from the Democratic press, the war is over, the South conquered, secession suppressed, and the Union preserved. I'll admit that appears well on paper, but during a political campaign in the South one would certainly doubt the truth of the assertion. I venture the assertion that the southern Democracy *en masse* is as much rebel to-day as when marching under Lee, Hood and Jackson. It is surprisingly strange that the northern Democrats do not know it to be a fact. The idea of the southern Democracy shedding tears over the grave of Gen. Grant is simply "tiresome." The truth is while the bosses were in New York making external demonstrations over the grave of the old commander, the masses were at home, in the south, defaming his great and good name, and heaping abuses of the most revolting nature upon his memory.

Talk about the South recognizing the justice of her defeat! Why, I can conceive of nothing more preposterous. How could a people who are so ignorant that they call themselves Democrats without the knowledge of the meaning of the word—a people full of prejudice and hatred, and encouraged by a set of unscrupulous demagogues—a people who have ever in the past retarded progress, hindered prosperity, outraged justice, and ravished mercy—a people who would debauch and pollute their own minds(!), and for the sake of gratifying a gluttonous thirst for revenge, would gladly crucify the fundamental principles of our republican institutions. How, I should like to know, could a people of this description recognize justice in anything save brutality?

When I think of the bloody past, the the terrific war, the many gory fields, the hated prison cells, the hospitals of pain, the many brave soldiers left bleeding and dying, without so much as a brother's farewell, but alone beneath the shadows of the clouds—and oh, when I think of the dear mothers, sisters and wives, at home waiting and watching for the loved ones never more to return; when I reflect upon all this, its unfortunate and bloody past, I am sad, but when I think of the 24 years succeeding; of those who at the risk of life itself, went forward and took the oath to support the constitution that had been saved at such a cost; when I think of those who paid with lashes upon their naked back the price of fidelity; and oh, when I think of the many who swapped, as it were, life for vote, I must confess I am mad. But last when I think of the eventful 1884, when fidelity and infidelity combined to defeat the party that saved the union, I am reminded of the history of Gregory the Great, who ascended the pontifical throne in 590. He it was who raised to power the detestable wretch Phocas, who, after his elevation, proceeded to the private dwelling of the dethroned emperor, and murdered, before his eyes his five sons. To him Gregory said: "Let the heavens rejoice and the earth be glad, and for your illustrious deed let the people of every realm be filled with gladness." I do not believe the spirit of Gregory will find a parallel in that of the Republican party. I do not believe the men who saved the union are ready to offer an apology for what they did. I can't believe that loyal citizens can ready to admit the justice of rebellion; and God forbid that they should ever compromise the soldiers dead upon the field of battle. When the practice of intimidating and stoning men away from the polls, who would only exercise the right guaranteed by the constitution, shall have ceased; when the time comes, as it should come, that men are allowed to vote their true sentiments without being molested or insulted by a gang of ignorant Wolferines, hissed on by a band of demogogic devils, endorsed by rings and cliques; when the masses of the Democratic party in the South cease to be composed of men who are so ignorantly prejudiced that they will go in upon court and make oath that they could not give a party justice who was being tried for his life because he was so unfortunate as to have been born black; when men, good men, shall cease to be tormented and derided, bullyragged and abused, and upon the whole treated without the least consideration or respect, simply because they happen to possess a principle, and desire to exercise the right of voting and maintaining that principle, as is the right of all men.

Then, and not till then, shall I concede the victory won; then, and not till then, will I concede that we are one people—a loyal people.

Talk about Republican orators waving the bloody shirt! I desire to say that they have got to learn the first principles. Go to Hamburg and question there; go to Mississippi, Florida, Louisiana and question there. Go question the men, who when they heard of the death of Gen. Grant, deridingly remarked that he "ought to be in h—l with a broken back," and then with the deceit of a Brutus, shed tears over his grave, and, at the same time, winking knowingly to demagogues at home. Well may we exclaim, "injured innocence!" All of which I must insist, is thin, very thin; in fact too thin, I think, to hide the malicious intent.

"EX MEANS OUT."

Cent Poorint, Ark.

Strong Drink.

Some may say we have had enough on this theme; that the subject has become hackneid and unwelcome. It can never become unwelcome at the expense of tears, and heart-breaks and untold sorrows and blood and rags and squalid poverty, all grades of crime, moral depravity, and onerous taxation, all inflicted on communities by the traffic in intoxicating beverages and all legitimate and inevitable thereto. It is a traffic of which nothing good can be said, but against which no condemnation can be made strong enough in the English language. As well might it be said that religion has become hacknied, and that it is high time that the church should cease its warfare against sin, satan and moral evil. The occasion can never cease until the evil is banished from the world.

Before I am through I shall present the subject in every possible aspect, and some new aspects. I shall not in any way attempt to drag the liquor question into party politics, for it don't belong there. It is a question that concerns mankind, irrespective of party politics or political preferences; and I am now satisfied that if the evil is ever got rid of, it can only be done by keeping it aloof from party politics. Nor shall I offend any one, because I shall not deal in personalities or with classes. And I hope to say something that a rational mind can except to. There may be some who will disagree with some of my views; but I shall say nothing I cannot prove. DR. H. SCOTT.

Lancaster, O.

All for Ten Cents.

A beautiful set of gold colored picture cards and a sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 10 cents. The magazine, just entering on its sixteenth year, is $1.50 a year, yet we send IT and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. For picture cards and sample copy send to C. Gilmore, 213 N. Eighth St. St. Louis, Mo.

PRESS COMMENT

On the Republican Victory in Ohio.

RATHER SHERMAN THAN MCLEAN.

New York Herald (Ind. Dem.)

The Ohio election has resulted in the success of the Republican state ticket. This is not surprising. Ohio is a Republican state. It has gone Republican always in Presidential, and generally in state elections. Which side has secured a majority of the legislature remains to be seen. This is an important point, as it involves the question of Sen. Sherman's successor. The choice of a Democratic legislature would be construed as a signal rebuke of Mr. Sherman's illtimed and mischievous attempt to revive bygone sectional issues and hatred. But this rebuke would be a costly one to the people if it should prove the means of furthering the schemes of John R. McLean to get himself into the United States Senate. The choice of a Republican legislature will save the state from this threatened discredit.

THE BLOODY SHIRT.

Chicago Mail (Frank Hatton's paper.)

The Republican victory in Ohio will have a bearing upon national politics the effect of which will be of incalculable benefit to the party, if its lessons are not forgotten. The war is over, but the results of the war are not secured to the whole people. Seven southern states are in the hands of the Democratic party through intimidation, fraud and corruption. In seven southern states thousands of American citizens are prohibited from exercising the right of franchise. In seven southern states thousands of citizens are living in political slavery. Until these seven southern states are redeemed the bloody shirt—that frightful nightmare of the Democratic party—will continue to wave. As long as ex-confederate soldiers struggle to revive and maintain war prejudices in the South, union men must struggle to revive and maintain war prejudices in the North.

The mission of the Republican party is the same now as it was 25 years ago—the protection of the government at Washington, the maintenance of the Union's integrity, the guardianship of the rights of the whole people, regardless of their creed, condition or color.

NO REASON FOR DEMOCRATIC HOPE.

New York Sun.

Ohio usually gives a Republican majority, and there was no especial reason why she should not choose a Republican this year. The prohibition question had given the hope to some Democrats that their candidate might win; but it seems that there are Prohibition Democrats as well as Prohibition Republicans, and the Prohibition nominee drew from both parties.

QUITE SIGNIFICANT, INDEED.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

Governor Hoadly went even beyond the platform of his party in appealing to the liquor interest, and the returns seem to show that a considerable part, if not the bulk of the Prohibition vote was drawn from the Democracy. This fact is extremely significant and important.

WHAT IT MEANS.

Chicago Journal.

1. There is a vivid, earnest and conscientious determination among a majority of th Northern people that the elective franchise shall be protected at the South. The North has made up its mind that the South shall not disfranchise and stifle political majorities. This is now a leading issue, or the leading issue, in the politics of the country, and it will so remain until every voter at the South as well as the North shall enjoy unobstructed the right to vote for the candidates and party of his choice, and to have his vote counted as it was cast.

2. The robust Republicanism of the Northern people is not to be misled nor perverted by such impracticable and purely sentimental issues as that of prohibition when issues involving the purity of the ballot, the success of reform and the security of great industrial interests are at stake.

3. Other issues involving real civil-service reform, as distinguished from bogus Democratic civil-service reform, the principle of protection in the tariff, and purity in legislation and administration were involved in the result. The name of John Sherman was a tower of strength, and the principle of honest national finances which he represents was notably vindicated in this victory.

A SOUTHERN VIEW.

Memphis Avalanche (Dem.)

Coal oil, John McLean, Bookwalter, the *Enquirer* stench-trap, corruption, bribery, Payneism, Hoadlyism, ward bummerism, cross-roads' thuggism, bunkoism and all uncleanness did the business for Ohio Democracy yesterday.

Terribly Shaken

As the system is by fever and ague, and obstinate as that malady is, nevertheless Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will repair the damage that it does to the constitution, and eradicate every trace of it. Used as a means of prevention, it invariably proves effectual. The most malignant forms of malarial disease prevalent in the tropics, the dreaded *calentura* of the Guatemalan coast, the Chagres fever, and other types of miasmatic maladies, yield to and are prevented by it. Not only should it be used on first symptoms of the malady, but persons residing in localities where malarial infection exists in air and water, should take it as a safeguard. It is an incomparable remedy for disorders of the stomach and bowels, for rheumatism, incontinity of the bladder and kidneys, and for debility and bilious ailments.

TO THOSE WHO DO NOT TAKE THE BLADE.

Persons not subscribers to the BLADE and who may receive this number, are requested to examine it carefully. Of course if it pleases them we want their subscriptions. Look over the various departments and see whether any where you can get so much for the money.

Our terms are $1 a year, 30 cents for three months.

And please read the Publisher's Department on the fifth page, as well as advertisements elsewhere, and note the combination offers we make. Everything we advertise we guarantee, and you take no risk in availing yourself of anything we offer. Try the BLADE. Subscribe at once, and you will not be disappointed. It is beyond question the best family paper in the world, which statement 120,000 families will attest.

THE THREE GREAT GENERALS—GRANT, SHERMAN AND SHERIDAN.

We have published portraits of the three great Generals of the war, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, which are the best portraits of the heroes that have ever been put upon paper. John S. Kounts, late commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, says that our portrait of Grant is the best ever published. Sen. Sherman says that our portrait of his brother, the General, is the best and most life-like he has ever seen, and we know that the portrait of Sheridan was never excelled. We have printed these superb portraits on the finest plate paper, size 19 by 24, and will mail them to any address, post-paid, as follows:

Singly	25 cents
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In combination with the Blade—

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We guarantee these portraits to be the best for the price ever printed, and they should be on the walls of every loyal family in the United States. No such portraits are sold by other publishers for less than from 50 cents to $1. We could not do it, except for the large sale we are certain to have.

☞ Agents and others can make money selling these portraits. Write to us for special terms.

A Little Girl's Curiosity.

I saw an exquisite story that Richard Grant White used to tell so mangled by a newspaper the other day that I was moved to do justice by printing my recollection of it. It was told to show the native courtesy of well-bred Americans, and here it is: When Gen. Washington was in New England he was entertained at dinner by a country gentleman who lived comfortably but quietly in his old-fashioned home far from town. When the general arose to go the little daughter of the host, not yet in her teens, opened the door for him. As he passed out in his stately way he bowed and said to the little maid: "I wish you a better office, my dear." "Yes, sir," she quickly replied with a bow; "to let you in, sir."

The Colored Doctor.

DOCTOR—I'm 'fraid Mrs. Brown, dis yah chile is 'flicted wid de Membranous Croup, an' de prognastication all seem to prognasticate in dat direcshun.

MRS. BROWN—Foah de lawd, am dat so! I had'n noticed dat de poah lam's brain was 'fected.

Well, yo' cuah him ob de brainousness an' I'll just knock dat Croup higher'n a kite wid a dose ob TAYLOR'S CHEROKEE REMEDY OF SWEE' GUM AN MULLEIN, foh I allus keep a vial in de cabin.

Lincoln's Passes Not Good

It is related that a gentleman from some Northern city entered Mr. Lincoln's private office in the spring of 1863 and earnestly requested a pass to Richmond. "A pass to Richmond!" exclaimed the President; "why, my dear sir, if I should give you one it would do you no good. You may think it very strange, but there is a lot of fellows between here and Richmond who either can't read or are prejudiced against every man who shows a pass from me. I have given McClellan and more than 200,000 others passes to Richmond, and not a darned one of 'em has yet gotten there."

Without "Brown's French Dressing" no lady's toilet or travelling equipment is complete. Not only for shoes, but for satchels, and all sorts of leather gloves, it is unexcelled.

Publishers' Column.

The Blade's Sewing Machine Enterprise.

We are not yet ready to mail the circulars concerning our new sewing machine, but shall be within a week or two. We are manufacturing the best machine on the market, which we shall sell without employing agents or middle men, direct to the people, for less than one half what the monopolists exact for a less valuable machine. We cannot now state the price exactly, but we are far enough along to know that it will not be higher than $18, and possibly a dollar or two lower.

We shall warrant the machine in every respect, so that no one will take any risk in purchasing.

All who contemplate the purchase of a Sewing Machine this fall or winter will please send us their addresses, that we may mail them full particulars as soon as we are ready. We have built a factory 200 feet in length, and 40 feet in width, which is filled with machinery of our own make, and we are making the best machine ever put before the public. We hope to be ready to ship machines by the middle of November and possibly sooner. All who want a reliable Sewing Machine at half the cost exacted by the Sewing Machine rings will please send us their address. You don't have to buy, but you will get valuable information concerning sewing machines. Address BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE BLADE'S TEMPERANCE CARTOONS

To Temperance Workers, Societies and Organizations.

The BLADE, months ago, conceived the idea of instructing the people in the Temperance cause by means of appeals to the eye. To the end of arousing public sentiment we have issued two cartoons, for posting, the first of which has been scattered all over the United States. Of this one we sent out, gratis, nearly 100,000, which is our contribution to the great cause.

BLADE CARTOON, NO. 1.

"Do You See Any Good Coming Out of It?"

This is a very forcible picture. In the center is a bottle labelled "Whiskey," though a label is unnecessary. From the mouth of the bottle issues a vapor which separates in four sections, crowning each being pictures representing Murder, Beggary, Gambling and Delirium. On one side of the bottle is a devil and on the other a bar-room loafer, with appropriate sketches filling in the corners.

It is a powerful presentation of the evils and certain results of Intemperance.

BLADE CARTOON, NO. 2.

"Which Way Would You Have Your Boy Go?"

A series of pictures, commencing with the face of a beautiful three-year-old, who starts in life on an equality with all other three-year-olds. On the upward line comes first the clean-faced boy of 10 on his way to school; next, the young, ambitious student of 15; then the young soldier of 21; then the middle-aged, strong man of 30; and, lastly, the hale and hearty old man of 70.

The contrast is another line of pictures, viz: The street boy already under the influence of rum, with the stub of a cigar in his mouth, at 10, the hoodlum at 18, the barroom loafing ruffian at 24, the tramp and criminal at 50, and the broken-down vagabond of 70.

There can be no more forcible presentation of the subject in pictorial form, and no cartoon can be devised that will better tell the whole story and do it at a glance.

BLADE CARTOON NO. 3.

"Which Way Would You Have Your Girl Go?"

Our next Cartoon, which is now rapidly being mailed, is entitled, "Which way would you have your Girl Go?" It contrasts the life of a girl who marries a sober man with one who weds a drunkard, and is quite as effective as those that have preceded it.

BLADE CARTOON NO. 4.

"In Which Village Would You Bring Up Your Children?"

This is the title of our Temperance cartoon, No. 4. It is an exceedingly spirited illustration of two villages, one under Prohibition rule and the other under the control of the Rum mills. It is quite as effective as its three predecessors, and will do as much toward arousing the public sentiment upon this great question. Those who have ordered the three preceding ones should add this immediately.

We have made a price on them, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping paper and labor.

We want them pasted up so that they will stay, in every shop, store, factory, and on fences where they will be seen, in every section of the United States. Then must be a temperance sentiment developed, everywhere. The people need awakening. Order them—the cost is barely nothing.

Send in your orders at once, and when received post them where they will be seen. We shall follow these with others.

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For reliable information about its climate, lands, churches, schools, crops, etc., send 2 cent stamp to J. Lee Knight & Co., Topeka, Ks.

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wants a watch, and every boy can have one. $3.50 gives your boy a good watch and you get the BLADE one year thrown in. Remit $3.50 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and get the Waterbury watch for the boy and the BLADE one year for yourself.

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MUSICAL STUDIES, by Margaret B Harvey, are popular and helpful to beginners in music.

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T. B. TERRY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

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The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated; 700 pages. Original price $3.50. Present price, postpaid by mail, $1.25.

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A Story of Southern Prisons, by John M'Elroy. This is the only correct history of Southern prisons ever written, and one of the most entertaining as well as truthful books ever published. Old price, $3.00; now, postpaid by mail, $1.25.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES,

the

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper. Write PLAINLY. Do not interline. Write BRIEFLY.

HOME TALKS.

SUNSHINE OF THE HEART.

I received a letter not long since which ended as follows:

"Everything goes well with me—perhaps it is because I make the best of everything—anyway, I am one of the busiest, happiest, 'thankfulest' women in God's world."

These words did me a whole world of good. I knew that the life of the writer had not been all sunshine, that great griefs had come to her which had sorely wounded her heart, that after having been loved and cherished and cared for she had been thrown upon her own resources, that she had been obliged to engage in the hand-to hand conflict with competition that all workers must meet who enter bare-handed into the labor field, and that she had wrested a success, of which she had a right to be proud, from all the difficulties which had surrounded her. She is no stranger to the HOUSEHOLD, but as I have quoted from a private letter, I shall not give you her name. It is only her words that I want you to think of.

"Everything goes well with me—perhaps because I make the best of everything." There is a wealth of wisdom in that single sentence. It is true that a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand will, if observed and dwelt upon, spread out until it covers the whole of one's horizon, making the day as "dark and dreary," as that which Longfellow describes—a description which always makes me feel sad and lonesome and weary of life. You remember it, for it is found in almost all school readers, and has been set to music:

"The day is dark and cold and dreary,
It rains and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mold'ring wall;
With every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary."

I think most of you have experienced such days as this, when it needed all of the heart's sunshine to make them endurable. And if *that* is not allowed to shine, whether nature wears her mourning robes or not, the day will be "dark and dreary" for ourselves and to all upon whom it should shed light and warmth.

Most of you have watched plants growing and seen how they will twist and turn in order to reach God's glorious sunlight. They must have it in order to grow into a well-rounded and beautiful life. If it is impossible for them to bathe, as they long to, in its glow and radiance, you will see them warped and distorted out of the form they were intended to wear. Place a plant in the cellar in darkness and gloom, keep it there and its bright, healthy hues are gone. Its glory has utterly departed.

If you think intelligently, you carry the lesson thus taught into your physical life. You flood your rooms with sunlight, knowing that your bodies need its influence in order to be vigorous and comely. You understand that there is something in its blessed rays that puts to flight sickness and disease, that makes the air pure and healthful, that peers into the dark corners and devours the germs which will otherwise enter and poison the system. I often recall Milton's lines:

"Heaven open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound,
On golden-hinges moving."

That must have been to let the sunlight through to bless the earth. Just as the physical life is influenced to greater development by the glow and glory of nature's sunlight, so does the moral and mental life expand under the light and warmth of the heart's sunshine. And its rays reach where you have no suspicion they can penetrate, carrying with them a new and brighter growth.

I was walking with a friend not long ago who had grown from long and determined looking on the bright side of life, into a sunny spirited woman that always carried comfort with her presence. A pleasant "good morning" from her lips brought a surprised expression, followed by a quick smile, to the face of a somewhat shabby-looking woman whom we were passing.

"Who was that?" I inquired.

"I don't know her name," was the reply, "nor anything of her except that she works up here in the factory."

"But you spoke to her," I said.

"I know I did" she replied, "but she looked so sad and dispirited, as if she felt so utterly alone in the world, that I could not help letting her see that there was some one who recognized the fact of her existence. The 'good morning' did not cost me anything."

I did not need to ask any further explanation. There was a sermon in the few words she uttered.

Few realize the influence of cheerful words and sunny smiles upon those whom they meet in everyday life. Their effect may not be apparent, but it is just as strong for all that, and it spreads out in widening circles, the extent of which is not dreamed of, but when the sum total of human happiness is added up, a large share will be credited to such a source.

Take it right in your own household. Let the father or mother come to the breakfast table with a frowning face, speaking no bright words of greeting, or breaking the sullen silence only by cross or impatient ones, and the morning meal will be anything but pleasant. The children will be sure to quarrel, they will be more than likely to be saucy and troublesome, and the day will begin in shadows for all the family. Notice if this is not so. Notice too, how easy it is to form the habit of being irritated by every trifling thing, and then by showing it, irritating those around you. Ah, it is only too true that in very many shadowed homes, the shadows are of self-creation and could be so easily dispersed by the heart's sunshine.

It is very hard to make this visible at all times, I grant you, and it is only possible, by compelling yourself to look always upon the bright side of life. When the clouds drift before your eyes, close them resolutely for awhile, and when you look again, they will either have turned their silver lining towards you or drifted quite away. Nothing is ever gained by dwelling upon your own troubles. There are sorrows that wring the heart, whose influence cannot be quickly dispelled, but the very effort necessary to avoid clouding the lives of others will help you to find comfort.

"I am one of the busiest, happiest, 'thankfulest' women in God's world." And she has brought that to be true of herself, only by persistently making as she says, "the best of everything." She has not "crossed bridges before she came to them"; she has not let her cares and perplexities shut out all of the goods which were waiting for her hand—as for everybody's—if she only looked for them; she has worked bravely and hopefully, doing what came to her to do as well as energy and determination made possible; she has put her sorrows away, only guarding them reverently in her own memory; and finally she has let her heart's sunshine pour warmth and brightness into the lives of those around her, and the radiance has flowed back upon her own heart again, making it possible for her to say, "I am one of the busiest, happiest, 'thankfulest' women in God's world." Let us all do likewise.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Toilet Glove Bag.—Get a common deal easel, from 12 to 14 ins. high. Cover this carefully with plush or velvet. It can be either gummed on or sewed carefully, so that the seams will come on the back. If preferred the easel may be gilded. Now make a bag double the width of the widest part of the easel and 10 ins. long. Line it with some contrasting color of satin. Run lines for a drawing string an inch and a half below the edge, and make two small button holes in the edge of back part of bag, just as far apart as the upper cross-piece of easel is long. Put two brass headed nails in this cross-piece to hang the bag. Put in an elastic to draw it up, and finish front with a bow of bright-colored ribbon. This is to put a pair of gloves in, which are in common use, or it may be set upon a table to drop little things in to be out of the way.

A new book of "Fancy Work and House Decoration" is now ready. Send early to get it, to make ready for the holidays. Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.

Convenient Stand.—I will tell how to make a convenient stand with little expense: Take a board about sixteen inches across, saw it eight-square, or round, just as you choose. Take three broomsticks, fasten them in the board at about the same distance apart, cross the sticks in the middle, and fasten securely, saw off the proper length, paint them black, and tie a ribbon around while they are fastened together. Cover the top with a red cotton flannel, crochet a lambrequin of seine-twine (or carpet warp is much cheaper and just as pretty) about a quarter of a yard deep, long enough to reach around your stand, and tie in a heavy fringe about nine inches deep. Your lambequin should be made to run two rows of red ribbon in it, tack around your stand, and you have a very pretty and convenient stand to hold a large Bible or album.—C. M. K., Sandwich, DeKalb County, Ill.

Painting on Fabric. No. 1.

GRAPES ON BLACK VELVET OR SATIN.—This design is of medium size and would answer nicely for a panel or wall banner. It can be painted on satin, velvet or velveteen; on a good quality of the latter the work shows up very well.

These articles will probably be read by many who have never painted at all, so I will give a few hints in regard to paints and brushes: For painting on satin the long-handled camel's hair brushes in Nos. 2, 4, 6 and 9 will be required, and one bottle of pale drying oil. Each time that brushes are used they must be thoroughly washed in tepid soap suds, then dip them in a little turpentine. Red sable brushes, "clipped," are the best for velvet painting, but fine bristle brushes will do if the sable cannot be had. The bristle will not cost over five cents each for small-sized, and 10 and 12 cts. each for large ones, while sable range in price from 25 to 50 cts. each. To "clip" them take a small pair of sharp scissors; cut the brush on each side until they have rounding or oval edges; also cut brushes at the point so that there will be no straggling hairs. For painting on velvet, the only medium necessary for mixing paints will be turpentine. Where a palette cannot be had, a good sized pane of glass will do for mixing paints on. The colors necessary for a variety of work are silver white, chrome green, terre verte, emerald green, brown madder, pink madder, rose madder, carmine, scarlet lake, Chinese vermilion, vandyke brown, mauve lake, cobalt blue, Prussian blue, burnt sienna, raw umber, king's yellow, chrome yellow, cadmium yellow, lemon yellow, ivy black, black lead, bone brown, kremitz white. These colors apply to a variety of fabric work. Less may be procured, buying just what you need, for a special design.

For the grapes mauve lake, cobalt blue, chrome and emerald green, brown madder and white will be the colors required. Paint the stems and vein the leaves with pure brown madder. Use a fine brush for the veining. When this is dry, paint the body of the leaves with chrome green to which a touch of emerald green has been added. Add four or five drops of turpentine to each color of paint you mix, if painting on velvet. If on satin, add a little of the pale drying oil to each color.

Paint some of the grapes with the pure mauve lake, adding a little white to lighten the shade. For one bunch mix equal parts of mauve lake and cobalt blue, also lightening the shade with white where the taste or the fabric suggests it. Retouch the stems with chrome green, to which a little brown madder has been added. For the tendrils add a little yellow to chrome green.

Always fasten goods smoothly and firmly to a clean pine board before beginning to paint. The design should be neatly and clearly stamped on the goods. If the painting is done on satin, the effect may be heightened by varnishing the work when dry with siccatify. This, however, is not necessary.

Questions pertaining to this department will be answered if accompanied by postal or stamp.—E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Ind.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tt o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; n t, treble; s c, shell crochet.

Shell for Knitted Bed-spread.—Cast on 66 stitches, 1st and 2d rows—sl 1—k across plain. In each of the following rows slip the first stitch and narrow the last two. 3d row—sl 1—k 3—o n—o n—o n. Proceed in like manner until but 3 remains unknit—k 1—n. 4th and 5th rows—k plain. 6th rows—p across. 7th and 8th rows—k plain. 9th row like 3d row. 10th and 11th rows—k plain. 12th row—p across. 13th and 14th rows—k plain. 15th row—like 3d row. 16th and 17th rows—k plain; 18th row—p. These three rows (16th, 17th and 18th) are to be repeated until the row has but 7 stitches; knit these heel fashion backward and forward; be sure to have the point of shell same side out as the rows between the open work. Remember to narrow the last two in each row until nothing remains. Dexter's ball cotton No. 14 is best. The work must be set up loose. In putting it together take as many shells as wanted for the length and fasten ends together for edge of spread. For next row place the middle of a shell at the point where two come together; sew over and over with No. 8 thread on wrong side. Make both sides of spread alike and have a seam in the middle. Half shells must be knit to finish at the ends of spread. To knit a spread of this kind seems quite an undertaking, but whoever makes one will feel amply repaid. If any person wants more information address—Miss EDWIN POWELL, box 51, Eagle Village, N. Y.

Correspondence.

THE WORTH OF A LETTER.—Letters sometimes make us sad, others bring us good tidings and we rejoice. I fell into a train of thought one day, I think it was about two years since, cannot remember the date exactly, in regard to the melancholy lives of many of the celebrated authors who have passed away from earth, and I soon became very sad. I remembered Burns, with his ragged boots, of whom our own poet, John F. Whittier says, "And Burns sang mildly well." None may ever dare nope to outsing him, yet how little was his fine, practical talent worth to him during his life, though he left so sick a legacy to the world. This fame was mostly posthumous. The old woman said, when looking at his monument, "Dear Rob, he asked for bread and they gave him a stone." I thought of the eight long years that Felicia Dorothea Hemans toiled and hoped before she was recognized as a poetess, and of her many sorrows, and what now is it to her that we love her poems and that they are sold and bought? The night has wept its tears above her sleeping dust through the years. And Mrs. Allen wrote a song and a Boston publishing house paid her $5, and told her that she should be paid as much for every one she should write for them. They realized $700 from the sale of copies of the song, the proprietors of the publishing house. Mrs. Allen was a widow and in need of money, and she sent those publishers another song, and it was rejected, and the $5 that she had hoped for was not paid as she had been promised. I remembered many more men and women who were not appreciated till after the grave had closed above them, and I was almost ready to say I will lay down my pen and I never will take it up again whatever may happen, though I know so well, what came to the servant that hid the talent entrusted to his keeping. About that time the Toledo BLADE was brought in, and looking over it I found "Jessamine's" letter, which began "Keep on writing, 'Moss Rose.' I have all of your poetry, and when long winter evenings come——." Well, I read and reread that little letter. I little knew who the writer was, but there was one thing I did know, and that was that no evil-disposed person could possibly have written that letter. I felt encouraged, I felt grateful, and I never said that I would lay down my pen, and I began to write, and, as Oliver Holmes says he did upon one occasion, I wrote better than I could.—MOSS ROSE, Science Hill, Ky.

CARE OF CANARIES.—In the BLADE of July 30, "Discouraged" asks for information regarding the care of canaries, and later the editor says any information on the subject will be acceptable. So, as I am professionally an importer of knowledge, I will give her the results of our fifteen years experience in bird culture, in which I have had remarkable success.

Birds, caged, are "out of their element." You must study nature, and as nearly as possible, follow her. It is too late in the season for this article to help "Discouraged" in the rearing of young birds this year, but if she will follow this plan next year, and now is the time to begin, I will insure her success next year. Your first mistake is in mating your birds. Let your birds attend to this. Your little hen canary has her preferences as well as you, and she never does well unless she has the chance to choose her little "hubby to suit herself. In September, or when the old birds begin to "moult" or drop their feathers, the male ceases singing. Then put all of your birds, old and young, in one large cage; the larger the better. Cover the floor of the cage with sand and fine gravel, having first laid in some papers. If your cage is very large, removing this, and renewing with fresh sand four times a week through the winter will be sufficient; but if the birds are at all crowded, the tray should be emptied and washed daily, and the perches and cups washed clean.

Feed during the winter with hemp seed, broken sunflower seed, oat meal and cracked wheat for steady food, keeping as many of these in the cage as you can, or giving in rotation. Give boiled or baked potato and bread soaked in milk, daily. Give apple, hard boiled egg, cracker, cabbage, and fresh beef or mutton, raw, every few days, and keep cuttlebone in the cage constantly. Give a bit of sponge cake whenever you have it. If you do not use it, take an egg, shell a teacupful of sugar, and beat it together, add a spoonful of milk or water and flour to make a batter, and bake it in gem pans, dip in milk and let them eat all they will.

Do you like a fresh drink? So do your birds. Give it to them three times a day at least. Be in the habit of putting something fresh in their cage at noon. Don't forget it. Give them plenty of light and be in the habit of putting the cage in different places or rooms. They like the change. In January or February they will begin to show preferences. A male bird will try to find a female, will sing his very choicest songs for her, will strive to keep other birds from showing the same attentions to her. If she takes the food he brings her, and they do not fight, in a few days you will see that it is time to remove that pair from the family cage to one of their own. Let the cage be as large as you can. Birds are more likely to take good care of their young if they have plenty of room. Follow the same rules of feeding as before, but now you must crack the seeds, and it is well to give them grated nuts beside. Right here is one reason birds desert their young. They have so much feeding to do that their beaks get sore, and they can't crack the seeds, and the grated nuts are a godsend to them.

When they begin to tear paper, give a nest. I prepare them in this way: I take a three-inch flower-pot and pack a little cotton in the bottom. Take a piece of cotton flannel six inches square and cover over the top of the pot, pushing it down in the center, and tie a strip of cloth an inch wide round the outside of the pot, then shape the flannel down in the pot, like a nest, and place it in one corner of the cage on the floor. Of course it has to be moved when the cage is cleaned. If the birds dislike this, tie it in the corner of the cage, but is best to have it rest on the floor. When the cloth gets soiled remove and put on a clean one. If your birds do not lay early put a mixture of equal parts of sulphur, sugar and red pepper in the cage, in an open dish, and one drop of tincture of iron in their drinking cup every morning. When the bird begins to lay, accustom her to being moved from one place to another, but it is best to have the cages hang at least five feet from the floor, as this gives a feeling of security. When the young hatch, give daily a mixture of grated cracker, hard boiled eggs, grated almonds or Brazil nuts, mixed up with milk. If you will scrape off a little cuttle bone and mix in it is still better. And keep plenty of soft and green food in the cage besides. If you follow this out carefully, 99 out of 100 birds will rear three or four broods of young and never lose a bird. But if your bird does show a disposition to be cross, then you must take some of the care of them for her, which you can easily do after they are five days old. Make a very little puddle of soft wood, about two inches long, not a rough spot about it. Prepare the soft food, have it warm. Take the nest of birds from the cage, dip a little of the food on the paddle and when the birds open their mouths put the food far back in the mouth and hold the food in till bird will swallow it. Before you learn just how to feed them you may find it rather a delicate task, but it is fascinating work and soon learned. You may need to feed them several times a day. I commenced raising birds, with the idea that they must not have any but "dry food," no bath water, and must not be moved during hatching, and as a matter of course, I raised no birds. After three years of dead failure every time, I adopted the plan here given and have never known a failure since. If there are any points on which more information is desired, I will be glad to be of service. One point I have omitted—the bath. Never deprive them of it at any season. If you have several birds in one cage, after one bird bathes, fill the bath tub with clean water for the others till all have bathed.—NEWCOMER.

The thanks of the HOUSEHOLD are due to our correspondent for the above excellent letter. It is thoroughly practical, well written and full of instruction upon the subject. We shall be glad to hear from "Newcomer" again, to whom an apology is due for the delay in the appearance of this. It was owing to a mistake.—ED.

HALF THE LABOR IN WASHING SAVED.—I have long intended sending a note of thanks to Mrs. F. H. P. Eldridge, of Wabaunsee, Kansas, for her method of washing. I have not had washing done in any other way for three years, and my clothes are whiter and freer from stains than they ever were when washed before boiling.

Everything is wet and soaped. Spread an old sheet on the table and rub soap on all the soiled places; after wringing them from the soaking water fill the boilers ¾ full of soft water, cut soap enough in it for a strong suds; a tablespoon of turpentine or ammonia is good when boiling hot; put in the very cleanest, not packed, but loosely, boil 15 minutes, then have quite warm water in a tub to rub them in, then rinse and blue; one good rubbing will make the dirtiest nice and clean; if thrown in cold water from the boiler it will set the dirt or stains; great care must be taken in the clothes sorting. The steamer and boiler are all put off the stove by 8 o'clock for a family of six persons.—MRS. H. B. DICKINSON, Elmira.

Inquiries.

Would some one please tell how to manage the oyster plant and when and how to cook them?—M. C.

Will some one please send directions to the BLADE for making a handsome flower stand as cheap as possible?—MRS. H. K. Shumway, Ill.

Can some reader tell me where I can purchase a mask to be worn on the face to take off sunburn and make the complexion white? Also tell me if coffee is injurious to the hair if wet with it to make the hair darker?—A. B. C.

It will be very easy to make the mask for yourself, or rather something to use that will be just as good. "Old Dr. Carlin" gives the following in his book of "Recipes" and it is said to be excellent: Mix 3 ozs. of ground barley, 1 oz. of honey and the white of one egg to a paste. Spread this on the face and let it remain all night. Wash it off with warm water in the morning. Repeat this every night for three weeks, after that once a week.

The regular mask can be obtained in most any large city where are stores selling cosmetics largely.—ED.

Can some of the readers of the BLADE give me some information on the following: I have a parrot that a few days ago was taken with some kind of a fit. He fluttered about the cage, finally laying down. His head was drawn to one side, and his claws drawn close together, as if in great pain, similar to a cramp. After being taken out in the air, he recovered partly, but acted as if it was impossible for him to eat. Can you tell me the cause, or of a remedy to allay the attacks? This is the first one he has had. It left him very weak, and he would not talk for a day or so afterward.—F. L. FORBES, North Bend, Nebraska.

Will some one who has had success in raising parrots tell me how to manage one after he can feed itself? I am told a large percentage die.—H. J. CLINE, Seio, Allegany County, New York.

I have some nice citrons in my garden. Can some one tell me how to prepare them to use in cake this winter.—A YOUNG MARRIED LADY.

Will "N. A." please tell how she makes the cake for her blackberry shortcake?—J. L. W.

I return thanks for recipe published in your valuable paper, viz: White liniment, contributed by M. R. Quiney, June 23; also for cough syrup by C. B. Warbeuton, May 21. Would you kindly inform me of some paper on electricity and where published. Also where the *Banner of Light* is published.—A. M. E.

The *Electrician* is published in New York. The *Banner of Light* is published in Boston.—ED.

I would like to ask "Moss Rose," for others interested, in regard to the hair tonic. I put the proportions together of sulphur, castor oil and alcohol, but though they have been mixed together a week, the sulphur will not dissolve. I tried some afterward with sulphur and alcohol alone, and it will not dissolve. Perhaps it is not the right kind of sulphur. What is lac sulphur? "Moss Rose" said when the mixture was right, sulphur in it would turn white linen black. It must have enough sulphur in it. Please insert this in your paper, and see if they can tell me what is the matter, and oblige CALIFORNIA.

Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD please tell us how to do pastel drawing; also free hand etching on linen?—E. A. ROBISON, Bowens burg, Ill.

Could not some one give a remedy for gastritis of the stomach? Symptoms: Constant accumulation of gas and obstinate constipation?—J. A.

I received a certificate to teach school, but am unable to secure a position. I can teach instrumental music. Does any one know of a place in Kansas where I could receive good wages for either of those?—A DISCOURAGED GIRL.

I have been wishing to know if there is a book that treats on dressmaking that a lady could get that gives directions for cutting by charts so that anybody could learn it themselves. If there is such a book, where can I get it and for how much?—ELLA CLINGENSMITH.

If you can answer in next BLADE will you tell me what color of gloves should be worn by an invited guest at a fashionable church wedding?

I wish the "school girl" who wrote how to make some of the crochet stitches would continue her descriptions.—

Some light color, chosen with reference to your dress or the flowers that you wear.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

I just stepped in to tell Mrs. I. P. Crosby, of Ellington, to clean her silverware with whiting and ammonia. It will look as bright as new.—STRANGER.

If the lady that wanted to know how to make flower beds, will make a crescent, and sod it, I think she will like it very much.

If "M. A. S." will put potash in hard water until it looks milky, then let stand over night, the lime will all be settled. Can dip off water, which will be nice for washing clothes.

I wish the readers of the HOUSEHOLD would tell more about the cultivation of house-plants. Can any one tell why geraniums die after budding out? I had several die entirely this summer. Could see no signs of insects.—S. J.

I will send Florida moss to any member of the HOUSEHOLD who cares enough for it to send stamps to pay the postage.—S. E. CHANDLER, Yalaha, Fla.

Tell "Sadie" to wash her hands in ripe tomato juice to remove apple and potato stains.—NEBRASKA.

Some one asks the question how to raise a cat-bird. I have one which is now one year old and when quite young I fed it crackers soaked in buttermilk. One sister says she feels on corn meal, but I never could get my bird to eat such but it will eat most any kind of insect or vegetable and appears to be real healthy.—MISS SALLIE ROBINSON, Buchanan, O.

For sister "Mrs. Geo. Roberts," I will say: Take red clover blossoms, steep them or make a tea of them, and drink in the morning or once a day. I think she will find that a great purifier of the blood. They can be gathered and dried and used as a drink this winter. Their medical properties have lately been discovered, and I see it is being advertised to some extent in different papers. I have used them, so I speak from experience. Please reply if you try them. —BEE, Almont, Iowa.

I would say to the lady that has trouble with cutting her rag carpet, that if she would take it to the sewing machine and sew twice each side of where she wishes to cut it, she will have no further trouble with it.—MRS. M. A. CAIN.

Tell "Etta" to crystalize grass to dissolve as much alum in water as the water will dissolve and dip the grasses in. Then if not crystalized to suit, dip in again.—EMMA.

Tell the lady who inquired for a good way to prepare mustard for the table, that this is my way, and we think it splendid: Take ¼ a lb. of mustard, add 1 large teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon, allspice, cloves; 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 1 small teaspoonful of salt; mix it well. Add good vinegar enough to make it the right thickness; put it in a glass pickle-jar; let it stand one week then it is ready for use.

Tell "Mrs. T. T. C." that black tea in the first stages of the cholera will cure it. Take ½ lb., add 1 pt. of boiling water, let it steep five minutes; drink a teacupful at her as it can be taken. Take it every fifteen minutes; put more water on the tea grounds as the tea is taken off. This cured my mother when the doctor said he could do nothing more for her.—MRS. L. A. J., Byers, Col.

If "Mrs. J. Hotchkiss" will ask for darning net or canopy netting, the meshes being of medium size, the sure and not get a coarse size she will have the kind of net most preferred. And I will say that in the place of floss I use linen thread No. 30 with much more satisfaction. Draw the threads over a knife blade to remove the twist. The thread will not shrink as does the floss, and to my idea is much better in every way.—FLOE.

To get rid of bed bugs, take alcohol, camphor gum and corrosive sublimate, mixed together. Dip a feather in it, put it on the bedstead or on the wall. It strikes right off but the bugs crowd on it, they die right off. We put it on the wall before papering. They will hatch out of old houses all times of year, but you use this and you will never see one again. It is deadly poison. Label the bottle and keep it away from children. I had rather be poisoned than to be eaten up by bed bugs.—ONE THAT KNOWS.

Recipes.

Wedding Cake.—One lb. flour, 1 lb. brown sugar, 1½ lb. butter, ½ lb. candied citron, 4 lbs. currants, 4 lbs. raisins (stoned or chopped) 9 eggs, 1 tablespoonful each of ground cloves, cinnamon, mace and nutmeg, and 3 gills of brandy; first should be rolled in flour before stirring in. This cake will keep until the youngest daughter is married. We used the yolks of eggs for frosting.—BLADE READER.

Elderberry Marmalade.—Pare, core and cook enough sour apples to make nine pints after they are boiled, strip the ripe berries from the stems and boil them until the juice can be strained from them. Add to the 9 pints of apple sauce 3 pints of elderberry juice, 8 lbs. of sugar, the juice and pulp of 6 lemons and grated rind of 3; let all get hot together before adding the sugar; stir often and let it boil well for half an hour. This and the amber grape marmalade will set like jelly.

Mustard Pickle.—Two heads of cauliflower; 1 qt. of small onions; 1 qt. of ripe cucumbers; 1 qt. of small tomatoes, green, cut in quarters; 6 large peppers chopped; 4 qts. small cucumbers. Soak all in brine 24 hours and then scald in some brine and drain; 6 tablespoonfuls mustard; 1 teaspoonful turmeric; 1 teaspoonful of celery acid; 1 cupful of sugar; a little flour or cornstarch. Wet the mixture with vinegar enough to dissolve it, then add 2 qts. of vinegar and boil until it thickens, then stir in pickles and fill bottles.—MRS. JOAN PAINE, Waterloo, Seneca co., N. Y.

Cream Puffs or Cakes.—One pint of new milk, 1 cupful of sugar, ½ cupful of flour, 2 eggs. Put the butter in when the milk is into another of hot water. Beat the sugar, flour and eggs together until they are light and smooth and when the milk boils stir in with one teaspoonful of salt. Cook twenty minutes, stirring often; flavor with lemon or vanilla.

This is what I use for cream cakes, and I think Minnie Johnson, Akron, O., will find it good for her cream puffs.—CATHERINE.

Lady Fingers.—Beat the yolks of 4 eggs with ¾ lb. of sugar till very smooth and light, whisk the whites of the eggs and add to these, and sift in ¾ lb. of flour; make into a smooth paste and lay on buttered paper, in size and shape to resemble fingers; bake quickly, and while hot put them together in pairs, pressing the flat surfaces together.—ANNA A. LEMON, Mound Valley, Kan.

To Preserve Citron.—Pare the citron and cut them into slices about 1½ inches thick, then into strips the same thickness, leaving them the full length of the fruit. Take out all the seeds with a small knife, then weigh, and to each lb. of citron put a lb. of white sugar; make a syrup; to 10 lbs. put a pint of water and simmer gently for 30 minutes; then put in the citron and boil for 1 hour, or until tender. Before taking off the fire put in 2 lemons sliced thin, seeds taken out, and 2 ozs. of root ginger. Do not let them boil long after the lemon and ginger are put in. Do not stir them while boiling. The above is very fine if carefully attended to.—BEE, Almont, Iowa.

Marble Cake.—I will send recipe for making marble cake for Irene. I have never tried it, so I cannot answer how good it may be.

White Part.—Whites of 7 eggs, 3 cupfuls of white sugar, 1 of butter, 1 of sour milk, 4 of flour, sifted and heaping, 1 teaspoonful of soda, flavor to suit taste.

Magic Nerve Liniment.—Spirits hartshorn, sulphur and ether, each 1½ ozs.; spirits turpentine, ¼ oz., sweet oil, ¾ oz., oil of cloves, ½ oz., chloroform, 1 oz. Mix.

The Sunday School.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: *Of Ourselves we will be Masters.*

Pledge.

WE DO HEREBY PROMISE OURSELVES THAT FROM THIS TIME UNTIL WE ARE 21 YEARS OLD WE WILL NOT TASTE INTOXICATING LIQUORS OF ANY KIND, AND WE WILL EXERT ALL OF OUR INFLUENCE TO PREVENT THEIR USE BY OTHERS. WITNESS OUR NAMES:

1. Percy A. Gould.....Toledo, O.
2. Allie H. Gould..... " "
3. Willie H. Gould..... " "
4. Arthur T. Emery.....East Toledo, O.
5. William H. Emery..... " "
6. Laura Dameron.....Memphis, Mo.
7. Maggie Mason..... " "
8. Ora C. Whitney.....Chardon, O.
9. Nettie M. Whitney..... " "
10. Aiva D. Whitney..... " "
11. Clarence M. Bangs.....Chatsworth, Ill.
12. Ida Durk.....Glasgow, Iowa
13. Frank Durk..... " "
14. Willard B. Featherstone..... " "
15. Gertrude Featherstone..... " "
16. Ned. Featherstone..... " "
17. Burton Simpson.....Delaware, O.
18. Louis Simpson..... " "
19. John W. Moyer.....Bremen, O.
20. Louella N. Moyer..... " "
21. Myrta V. Moyer..... " "
22. Grace I. Moyer..... " "
23. James Balcom.....Lawn Hill, Ia.
24. Alice Gillham..... " "
25. Lucy A. Hunt.....Fayette, Iowa.
26. Edna Colwell.....Napoleon, O.
27. Carl Boyd.....Novelty, Mo.
28. Charles H. Parker.....Greeley, Iowa.
29. Parke Corell..... " "
30. Dunham Corell..... " "
31. Artie Vaughn..... " "
32. Dennis Fitz..... " "
33. Patrick Fritz..... " "
34. Lillie E. M. Lull..... " "
35. Ida Griffith..... " "

THE RUNAWAY.

A sad tale, dear children, I now must relate,
Of little Miss Clara Applegate.

Her mother was very busy one day,
And Clara was out in the garden at play,
When there popped in her head a strange little plan:

"I'll run just as fast as ever I can,
Dolly and I, and to school we will go,
To Annie and Bertha and dear brother Joe.
Oh, won't they be pleased—I reckon they will—
When they see me and Dolly come over the hill?"

So she ran and she ran, but, alas! went astray,
For she had mistaken and gone the wrong way.

Soon the houses and fences and trees became strange,
Her gladness all faded, her heart seemed to change
Into stone. Down she sat with her Dolly beside;

And what did she do? She cried and she cried:
"O Dolly, we're lost! Oh, what shall we do?"
She was frightend, I tell you, through and through.

"O mamma! O Annie! O Bertha! O Joe!
What will become of me? where shall I go?"

What would have become of the child, who can tell?
But riding along came good Doctor Bell.

He stopped and he looked, and the good doctor smiled;
He guessed in a minute what ailed the poor child.

"Come, pigeon, jump in," said he; "let's have a ride.
Where shall we go?" "Oh, home!" Clara cried.

"Oh yes, home's the place for babies, no doubt;
I wonder if mamma knows you are out?
Next time you had better keep close by her side,
Like the chickens that under the mother-wing hide."

Once more at home it was Clara's refrain,
"I'll never run off; no, never, again."

—*Sunbeam.*

PEGGY'S GARDEN.

And What Grew Therein.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Continued from last week.

And now at last it was time for the great attempt, and she was trying to summon all her courage to take on the morrow her first flowers to the hotel, for sale. A kind of stage fright came over the poor child at this eleventh hour. After all her brave toil, it would seem a simple thing to take her blossoms and pace quietly the long piazzas where wealth and beauty and idleness would give her the daily bread for herself and her dear ones in exchange. But the shy girl felt as if it were an absolute impossibility. Suddenly all her courage ebbed and left her in deep despondency. She sat by the little window in the grandmother's old chair; the wind that wandered through the beautiful summer twilight brought her the delicate sweet odors from her garden; their sweetness made her heart sink. She turned from the open casement. In the corner, by a dim little lamp, her mother was mending the worn sleeves of her father's coat. Peggy looked at her. How pale and patient she was! The cradle stood near, and her foot sought the rocker and stirred it gently each time the baby nestled uneasily; in the arm-chair near, her father had fallen asleep, his fine pathetic face faintly touched by the feeble light. His thin hand lay on the arm of the chair. How thin it was, how sad his sleeping face! Not one of them had quite all they needed to eat on that day; and what for to-morrow? Then a feeling of shame at her own cowardice came to Peggy's rescue. What were ten thousand indifferent eyes, what if everybody should laugh at her red hair and mean apparel; if they only would buy her flowers, she would not care—no, she would *not!* She would be deaf, dumb, and blind to everything except her purpose. She left the window and came and stood beside her mother's chair.

"Mother, dear, let me finish it for you," she said, trying to take the work out of her hands. But her mother said, "No, Peggy darling, don't mind, I've nearly finished. You'd better go to bed soon, for you'll have to be up very early, you know," and she put her arm around her girl's slender figure and drew her close and laid her tired head against the brave little heart that was beating fast with its struggles and hopes and fears. Her father opened his eyes upon the two—all unconscious of his gaze. No one knew better than he what was passing in his daughter's mind. But he had no word with which to comfort her; he could only cling to her as her mother was doing, and bless her with all his soul, as she came to give him a good-night kiss.

She climbed to her little nest under the eaves and leaned out to look once more at the summer night. The calm sea mirrored every twinkling star. Here and there a light gleamed from some fishing-schooner riding and rocking almost imperceptibly on the softly heaving tide. Afar on its lonely promontory stood the dark mass of the great hotel, ablaze and quivering with electric lights, like a living jewel of many facets. So great a hope, so great a fear trembled for her in the glitter and gleam! She was glad that she could not hear the band that she knew must be playing for the gay, whirling dancers in the great hall. "I wonder if they all are wearing flowers from the city," she thought, "roses and delicate things so different from mine. I wonder if they will want mine when they see them! Perhaps, perhaps!" she sighed. Little Willy was asleep in the low cot; he half woke as she laid her head on the pillow, and possessed himself of her arm, hugging it again with both his fists. "Dear Peggy," he said, half asleep, "dear, dear, *dear!*"

The morning broke calm and clear. It was not 4 o'clock when she was stealing out in the freshening dawn to her garden plot. The sky was one great flush of pink, and at the horizon crimson and gold where the sun approached from the other side, and all the sea reflected the sky.

"Oh!" thought she, "the whole world looks like a rose!" as she pushed the gate and entered the path. How the birds were singing! "O song-sparrow!" she cried to the little brown creature that sat on the wall and pured forth such a strain of joy that it seemed to fill the air with cheer, "are you really so glad as that? I'd like to change places with you!"

She cut the flowers with swift and dexterous hands and filled her basket heaping full. And now the sun had risen in still magnificence, and touched with golden finger the sails of small fishing-craft, creeping out to the day's work, and the snowy wings of lazy gulls afloat overhead in the perfect blue, and made the bright hair of our Peggy as glorious as the marigolds she was tying into bunches as she sat on the little step with her basket and a spool of thread. Some dim artistic sense led her to mass each color separately; all the scarlet sweet peas she put together. So with the pink and the purple and the white; so with the red peppers, to which she added a few delicate grasses, with the mignonette; but with the pink-yellow summer chrysanthemums she put a few orange marigolds, and made of their radiant disk a splendid conflagration of color. There were small and large bunches to be tied, and button-hole bouquets; and when all were done she put them into a wooden tub with a few inches of water, and left it in the cool dark of the cellar till she should be ready to take them away. But the slender breakfast was to be helped out and the family started for the day, before she could leave them. The baby, usually so good and quiet, *would* fret; it seemed to be out of sorts. "Poor little girl," Peggy said to herself, "you are hungry; that is the trouble, I know, for you are the best little sister in the world." The grandmother was full of aches and pains this morning, but she said, "I'll keep the baby, Peggy dear; you go and get ready before the sun grows so hot that you'll suffer going across the sands. Here's something to wear on your head, child," and she drew out of her pocket a nicely folded blue handkerchief; "it's better than nothing," she said, "though it's faded and old enough." Poor Peggy! She had no hat at all; the handkerchief was, as grandmother said, better than nothing—that was all. "Go, now, and walk very slowly, dear," her mother said. She brought a long and broad shallow basket, into which she put the flowers, and over all laid lightly some newspapers, which were tucked carefully in around the edges, to save her treasures from wind and sun. She had but her one gown to wear, a dull, dark-blue cotton print, made in the simplest fashion, with neither flounce nor furbelow. She had no time for such, nor means if she had

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions of every and also short, communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

To Farmers.

We wish farmers to make free use of the agricultural department of the BLADE. Give us your opinions on any subject relating to agriculture, horticulture, arboriculture, etc., etc. Why not exchange views regarding stock, grain and other subjects that will prove of interest to farmers generally?

Information Wanted.

FITS.—As I have never asked you a question, by your leave I will ask one favor; and that is, what will cure my horse? I have a valuable young horse, 3 years old, and he has epileptic fits, and has been afflicted with this terrible disease for some time. He is growing worse all the time, and is unsafe to handle. He has a spell of fits of several days duration, and then will escape two or three weeks without having any. Then he has another attack of them. Now, if the editor or any of its many and kind readers can give me a recipe that will cure him, it will be received with pleasure and many thanks to the sender.—WM. BOLINGER, Columbia City, Indiana. [The most usual form of this disease is epileptic fits; also called by veterinarians migrimes. A disease of the brain, characterized by temporary loss of control of the muscles, loss of sensation and slight spasms of the muscles, but without inflammation. Causes —Over-work in fat horses, tight or badly fitting collars, exposure to the hot sun, constipation, hereditary tendency, and local irritations, as worms, etc. As soon as the first symptoms are noticed, the horse should be stopped, his collar removed or opened, his eyes shaded or covered, and cold water poured over his head. Blood may be drawn from the jugular vein and the horse placed in a quiet stable and given an active purge. Horses subject to the disease should have a collar especially fitted, that will not press upon the blood vessels, and if young and fat, their diet should be restricted. Epilepsy is an almost incurable disease, but there is some chance of curing it by one of the bromides, as: Bromide of potassium, half an ounce, powdered gentian, one drachm. This amount two or three times a day for several weeks. A cheaper medicine, of some renown, recommended by Prof. Gamgee, is: Sulphate of zinc, half a drachm; linseed meal, one ounce. Make into a ball and give twice daily. We hear your horse is incurable. You should have taken the case in hand at once.—ED.]

SALT ON WHEAT.—Can some of the many readers of the BLADE give me any information about sowing salt on wheat? When is the best time, and what amount per acre? Would like to hear from some one who has tried it.—D.

ARTICHOKES—Will you, or some of the many readers please inform me the best method of raising artichokes, when to plant and how much per acre, and where can they be obtained, and oblige J. B. PLUMMER, Aspinwall, Iowa. [The Artichoke is a native of Brazil and is not largely cultivated in this country. The planting is done in March or April. It is not injured by frosts and is very prolific, sometimes amounting to several hundred bushels per acre. It has not the nutritive qualities of the potato, but this easy manner in which it is raised seems to commend it for more general use. It is well fitted for spring food. The roots are used by many people for pickles or salad. London says "they may also be eaten cooked, mashed in butter or baked in pies, and have an excellent flavor." The cured tops are a good fodder for cattle, and the roots are excellent for sheep and other stock. Swine eat them eagerly in the winter time and do their own harvesting when the ground is not frozen. The artichoke may be raised from seed or young suckers taken from old plants in the spring. The best way to obtain a supply of artichokes from seed is to sow in the latter part of March or any time in April in a bed of good, rich earth; or may be planted in drills an inch deep and twelves inches apart. The ground should be light and moist; not such as is apt to become burned up by heat. There should not be too much sand in the soil. After the plants are up keep free from weeds and the earth loosed around them. The transplanting may be done in early or wet weather, after the plants are nine to twelve inches high. Having selected proper soil and situation, apply rotten manure and trench the ground about eighteen inches deep, incorporating the manure with it. Take up the plants, and after shortening their top-roots a little, and dressing their leaves, plant them with dibble in rows five feet apart, leaving part of the green tops above ground, and the hearts of the plants free from any earth. Then apply a little water to settle the roots. Winter dressing of artichokes is an important matter. This should not be given so long as the season continues mild, that they may have all possible advantage of growth, and be gradually inured to cold weather. But the dressing should not be deferred too long lest severe weather injure them. The "American Gardener's Assistant" says: In the first place, cut all the large leaves close to the ground, leaving the small ones which rise from the hearts of the plants. After this, line and mark out a trench in the middle, between each row, from fourteen to sixteen inches wide, presuming that the rows are five feet apart, as directed. Then dig the surface of the beds lightly from trench to trench, burying the weeds; and as you proceed, gather the earth around the crowns of the plants to the height of about six inches, placing it in gently between the young rising leaves, without burying them entirely under it. This done, dig the trenches one spade deep, and distribute the earth equally between and on each side of the plants, so as to level the ridges, giving them at the same time a neat, rounding form.

The beds may remain in this condition until there is an appearance of hard frost, when they should be covered with light dung, litter, or the leaves of trees, to preserve the crowns and roots from intense cold. In this manner the roots will remain in perfect safety all the winter. As soon as the severe frosts are over, the beds must be uncovered, and when the young shoots begin to appear above ground, then, and not till then, level down the beds, throwing the earth into the alleys or trenches, and around them in a neat manner. Then dig in the short manure, and loosen all the earth around the plants. At the same time, examine the number of shoots arising on each stool, and select three of the strongest and *healthiest* on every stool, which are to remain; all above that number are to be broken off close to the roots with the hand, unless you want some for making new plantations, in which case an extra number for that purpose is to remain on the parent plants, until they are about eight or ten inches high, when they are to be slipped off, and planted in a bed prepared in the same manner as directed for the young plants, taking care at the same time to close the earth about the crowns of the roots, and draw it up a little to the remaining suckers.

The spring dressing should be given when the plants are in the above-described state, whether that occurs in February, March, or April, occasioned by the difference of climate in the respective states, or by the earliness or lateness of the spring." For seeds of the artichoke address any responsible seedsman.—ED.]

CHICKENS.—Will some kind reader of the BLADE tell me what to feed chickens on to make them lay soon? And will some one tell me something about chickens?—F. C. K., Washington, D. C. [Poultry should have plenty of exercise. They should be made to scratch for all grain thrown to them. A bundle of oats or millet is good to throw to them. The water given to them should at all times be fresh. Milk is good. Keep gravel where they can get at it. Laying hens should have a good variety of food. Animal food must be a part of their diet, such as butchers' scraps, liver, scraps from the table, etc. Give but little raw meat. Lime is necessary to make shells. Broken bones and oyster shells burnt and broken fine are excellent, but when these cannot be had, old mortar or plaster or ash siftings will answer. Put a small lump of lime in their water two or three times a week. Mix a little charcoal with their food once in a while. Remember at all times to keep the coops in the cleanest possible manner.—ED.]

Answers to Inquiries.

TO PLANT HICKORY NUTS.—Tell George W. Dennison, who wants to know when to plant hickory nuts, to plant in the fall and cover very shallow, so the freezes may reach them thoroughly during the winter, and be sure not to let the nuts dry before planting if he wishes them to grow.—JAMES C. BETHARD, Conway, Kas.

COTTON SEED.—The cotton seed product of the Southern states amounts to 180,000,000 pounds, a large proportion of which is wasted. Besides being convertible into oil, this product contains the richest nutriment for fattening cattle, sheep and hogs. It is also one of the finest fertilizers known.

Hollow Horn.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

The letters from BLADE correspondents in regard to "hollow horn," "wolf in the tail," etc., that have recently appeared in your columns, remind me of a case of the kind that occurred some 50 years ago, when I was a small boy living in the backwoods in the state of Ohio, that I would like to relate for the benefit of your readers. At the time of which I write, the portion of Ohio (Licking county) where I lived was but sparsely settled, nearly the whole country being covered by the primeval forest, and the settlers having but little land cleared on which to raise hay and corn, it was customary in the spring of the year to cut down trees for the cattle to browse upon during the intervening period between hay and grass, and it will be readily believed that the few cattle owned by the settlers were sometimes pretty poor, living on such rations. The only horned stock owned by my father at that time was an old black cow, the gift of my grandfather to my mother on the day of her marriage as a part of her "settin' out." This old family cow had outlived her usefulness, and ought to have been wintered in the beef barrel, but mother would not consent to any such arrangement, and the cow still lived. One morning in April, when I went out to milk I found the old cow down and unable to rise. I ran to the house, gave the alarm, and was sent to the nearest neighbor to get help to get her up. It was pronounced a genuine case of "holler horn," the spike gimlet was applied, and her horns were found to be (as a writer in the BLADE says) "as hollow as an old gourd." A mixture of salt and black pepper was injected by means of the hollow part of a goose quill, probably with the idea that the mixture would harden and form a new horn to grow out of the head and fill the empty shell. But how this was I don't know. Some crotches were set in the ground on each side, some poles laid across and a swing was rigged up, and the cow raised to her feet. It was then decided that the cow needed a change of diet. She had lived on browse long enough. She was fed on bran mash, boiled potatoes, with salt on, (not in the horns this time) and at night covered with a blanket, and this kind of treatment in a few weeks worked wonders. The cow got well, and the next Christmas, in spite of mother's tears, she went into the beef barrel. Whether the change of diet had anything to do with the curing the "hollow horn" in this case, I leave the readers of the BLADE to judge. I think the change of feed did the business. Perhaps, Mr. Editor, this story ought to end here, but the best part of it is yet to come, and I hope all your readers who raise polled cattle and are bragging around about their stock never having the hollow-horn will give it their prayerful attention. Among the kind neighbors who assisted in swinging up the cow above mentioned was a man who owned no cattle, and the only one in all that back of woods round about. He was loud in his praises of muley cattle, and said if my father had kept a muley cow, like his, he would not have to bore her horns, etc. But, about three days later, his little son came over to our place and said old "muley" was down, and that she acted as if she had the "holler horn." The neighbors assembled to render what assistance they could, but what could be done? They couldn't bore her horns, because she had none, and it was considered impracticable to bore her hair, although it is a wonder they had not tried it. It was a puzzling case. A muley cow with the hollow horn was something new under the sun. Perhaps something else ailed the cow. Hold on a bit, and let's see. Eureka! Gosh! there was the tail. Perhaps there was a wolf in it. About six inches of the tail was clipped off, the stump slit up, and the varmint failing to materialize, the slit was filled up with salt and carefully wrapped with a string to keep it in place, and for two days the cow-tormenters awaited developments. But, at the close of the second day, as the patient seemed to be getting no better very fast, a boy was dispatched to the nearest town, four miles distant, to find the big one-horse village "hoss-doctor." It being so late in the day, that individual failed to appear until the next morning, when old muley was found stiff and cold in death. It was then decided that a post mortem would be in order, to see if the cause of death could be discovered, and it was discovered sooner than even the operator expected. As the first stroke of the big butcher-knife entered the paunch, Brown, Butler, Clermont, Coshocton, Crawford, Darke, Defiance and Paulding, Erie, Fairfield, Franklin, Henry, Hocking, Holmes, Licking, Lucas, Marion, Mercer, Monroe, Montgomery, Ottawa, Perry, Pickaway, Pike, Putnam, Sandusky, Seneca, Shelby, Stark, Tuscarawas, Williams and Wyandot—total, 36

CINCINNATI

The counting of the returns is in a chaotic state. In precinct F of the Nineteenth ward when the count had proceeded so far that 284 unscratched Democratic tickets and 56 unscratched Republican tickets had been counted, the judges stopped their work and it has not been resumed. In precinct I the box has not been opened since the polls closed, because one of the judges holding the key cannot be found. There are 242 votes in this box according to the dial. These two precincts and one in the county are missing from the tables, from which it appears that Foraker has a majority of 537 in Hamilton county. The country precinct which is missing last year gave a Republican majority of 71. The total vote in precinct F, Nineteenth ward, is 454. From this data Republicans claim that Foraker has carried the county.

THE VOTE FOR GOVERNOR.

Below is given the unofficial vote in all but three counties of Ohio, showing the pluralities in each for Hoadly or Foraker:

Counties.	Foraker. Pluralities.	Hoadly. Plural.
Adams	282	....
Allen	....	1208
Ashland	....	746
Ashtabula	3813	....
Athens	1665	....
Auglaize	....	1774
Belmont	653	....
Brown	....	250
Butler	....	2960
Carroll	500	....
Champaign	1045	....
Clarke	1950	....
Clermont	....	250
Clinton	1408	....
Columbiana	1400	....
Coshocton	....	700
Crawford	....	1905
Cuyahoga	3888	....
Darke	....	1135
Defiance	....	1034
Delaware	294	....
Erie	....	566
Fairfield	....	1532
Fayette	1050	....
Franklin	....	595
Fulton	804	....
Gallia	1306	....
Geauga	1843	....
Greene	2036	....
Guernsey	750	....
Hamilton	....	....
Hancock	....	470
Hardin	49	....
Harrison	629	....
Henry	....	1500
Highland	180	....
Hocking	....	544
Holmes	....	1900
Huron	990	....
Jackson	890	....
Jefferson	1800	....
Knox	....	158
Lake	1537	....
Lawrence	1465	....
Licking	....	1197
Logan	1300	....
Lorain	2700	....
Lucas	198	....
Madison	408	....
Mahoning	700	....
Marion	....	730
Medina	1059	....
Meigs	1436	....
Mercer	....	1800
Miami	872	....
Monroe	....	1895
Montgomery	....	517
Morgan	500	....
Morrow	950	....
Muskingum	471	....
Noble	285	....
Ottawa	....	....
Paulding	....	9
Perry	....	100
Pickaway	....	788
Pike	....	320
Portage	425	....
Preble	233	....
Putnam	....	1783
Richland	....	1176
Ross	428	....
Sandusky	....	208
Scioto	979	....
Seneca	....	856
Shelby	....	1000
Stark	....	250
Summit	1513	....
Trumbull	3092	....
Tuscarawas	....	750
Union	1104	....
Van Wert	85	....
Vinton	....	6
Warren	1479	....
Washington	816	....
Wayne	....	883
Williams	....	126
Wood	795	....
Wyandot	....	750
Total	53386	33201
Foraker's net plurality	20185	....

SEN. SHERMAN.

Sen. Sherman said that he thought the Republican majority on joint ballot in the legislature would not be less than twelve, without counting Hamilton county. He expressed some surprise at the delay and unusual indications in Hamilton county, but believed a fair return would be made, which would give the Republicans at least eight of the ten members of the House, and three out of the four members of the Senate. He said: "The election is an emphatic protest against the fraud and violence in the South, besides tending to settle the temperance question and serving as a warning to the free trade element."

JUDGE FORAKER INTERVIEWED.

Judge Foraker, governor-elect, being asked what he regarded as the leading motives that led to the results in Ohio, said:

"First—The Republicans regarded it important that a decisive expression should be given at the first election after the beginning of a Democratic national administration.

"Second—They determined to give an expression in favor of a free ballot and a fair count in all our elections.

"Third—Distrust concerning the free trade tendencies of the Democratic party, coupled with a recognition of the necessity of maintaining the Republican ascendancy in the United States Senate.

"Fourth—Disgust with the Democratic state administration in Ohio, notably the election of the last senator, and the extravagance of the last legislature.

"Fifth—A wish to have the liquor traffic regulated and taxed as a practical method of dealing with the subject, and dissatisfaction with the Democratic position of license, which is impracticable."

INDIGNATION IN CINCINNATI.

The irregularities and alleged gross frauds in connection with Tuesday's election in Cincinnati has made a most profound impression on all classes of well-meaning people. The palpable crime of putting more than 200 votes in one box in excess of the registration for that precinct has aroused the deepest indignation, especially in the German quarter of the city. A little meeting, quite private, was held to discuss plans. Fiery talk was indulged in and a general understanding that steps would be taken for calling an indignation meeting. The matter was discussed, but no final call was made. Notwithstanding this there was a large gathering about Turner Hall at night, and an application was made for the hall for the purposes of holding an indignation meeting. The proprietor took advice and refused to open the hall. The men lingered about the place, some uttering most violent denunciation of the leaders, whom they regarded as responsible for the violations of law, and counseling summary measures. Others argued in favor of moderation, and urged that the fullest possible support be given to the committee of 100, which is now at work preparing for the discovery and prosecution of offenders against the law. As there was no opportunity to hold a meeting, the crowd finally dispersed.

The police authorities had notice of the proposed indignation meeting, and fearing that it would result as the one held at Music hall to denounce the Berner trial, when the mob burned the court-house, strengthened the force, and used all precautions to meet such a result.

The holding of an indignation meeting has been discouraged by Mayor Smith, and by all who wish peace, but there is a widespread feeling that some action should be taken to preserve the purity of elections.

COMPLETE RETURNS.

Complete unofficial returns on the head of the ticket in Ohio have now been received. The counties not given last night are: Brown, 800 plurality for Hoadly; Hamilton, 3400 for Hoadly; Ottawa, 1,159 for Hoadly. This makes a total of 53,201 for Foraker, and 35,513 for Hoadly—Foraker's majority 17,688.

THE LEGISLATURE.

Returns on the legislative ticket continue indefinite, owing to the uncertainty as to the result in Hamilton county. The Republicans claim four senators and nine representatives in Hamilton county, and the Democrats claim the whole delegation—four senators and ten representatives. Only the official count can determine it. Omitting Hamilton county, the closest analysis that can be made is that the Republicans have elected to the House 58 members, Democrats 41; doubtful, Stark county, 1. In the Senate—omitting Hamilton county—the have 17 and the Democrats 16. The returns show that the Republicans Twenty-first district, which is given to the Republicans in the above count, is not conceded by the Democrats.

NEARLY A RIOT AT COLUMBUS.

Great excitement was caused in front of the Democratic headquarters on Broad street, Columbus, at 3 p. m. Friday, and a riot was narrowly avoided. Soon after noon some one about the headquarters caused to be hung across the street in large form, a "bloody shirt," with the inscription, "New North! New South! A New Deal! The Last of the Bloody Shirt!" It is said that a G. A. R. man called and gave the committee a half hour to have the shirt taken down, and by order of a member of the committee it was being done, when a man from Republican headquarters grabbed the garment, and after soaking it with kerosene, returned and burned the shirt in front of the Democratic headquarters. A crowd of several hundred gathered, and the greatest excitement prevailed. The counsels of cooler heads prevailed, and after much loud talk and threats the crowds dispersed. The yelling caused the people to leave their business, which many locked their doors. The Republicans denounce it as an insult, and both sides are condemned by the better citizens for participating in a move which, in the present political fever heat, might have led to a great loss of life and property.

THE CINCINNATI OUTRAGE.

The executive committee of the citizens committee of one hundred Friday sent a letter to the Common Pleas court asking it to summon at once a special grand jury to examine into the violation of the election laws of Ohio, committed in Hamilton county, and to indict all persons against whom a reasonable amount of evidence shall be adduced. The commissioners, discouraged about getting warrants fairly served by the present police force, have determined to move against election offenders through warrants sworn out before magistrates and served by constables. Money is being subscribed freely to the commissioners, about $4,000 having already been received.

Three Democratic clubs held meetings last night, and adopted resolutions charging gross frauds by Republicans in the recent election in Hamilton county, in denouncing judges and clerks and in purchasing votes. They declared in favor of prompt prosecution of all offenders. To this end the Jefferson club appropriated $2,500, the Duckworth club, $3,500, and the West End club, $1,500.

The attorneys of the committee of 100 engaged in the prosecution of offenders against the election laws at the recent election appeared in the Police court and preferred charges to-day against Edward Hudson, chief of police, for dereliction of duty in failing to serve warrants placed in his hands by the committee, October 8-9, for the arrest of seven men charged with violation of the registry law. The attorneys stated that one of the men against whom warrants were issued, is now a policeman; another served as a special policeman on election day; and one or two others were well-known to Col. Hudson and the police. Col. Hudson explained that he gave the warrants to lieutenants. The court ordered the lieutenants to be brought in to answer, and continued the case against Hudson until Monday.

DR. LEONARD'S PROCLAMATION.

Dr. Leonard has issued the following proclamation:

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The green glass bottle manufacturers of the United States, in session at Pittsburg, have decided that in view of the depressed condition of the trade, a reduction of from ten to fifteen per cent. in wages is an absolute necessity. Most of the factories throughout the country have been closed for some time, and the manufacturers claim operations will not be resumed unless the bottle blowers agree to the terms of the new scale.

News of the Week.

OHIO ELECTION.

A Rainy Day Does Not Always Bring a Democratic Victory.

WHAT THE ELECTION WAS FOR.

The election in Ohio Tuesday was for state and county officers, for 37 senators and 110 representatives of the General Assembly, and upon four amendments to the constitution of the state. Three of the amendments relate to changing the state elections from October to November, and one to changing the term of office for township trustees. Gov. Hoadly was the Democratic candidate for re-election, J. B. Foraker, the Republican candidate, and Rev. A. B. Leonard, the Prohibition candidate for governor. There are 2,017 voting precincts in the state. Comparison is made with the vote for governor in 1883, when Hoadly was elected by a plurality of 12,529 over J. B. Foraker, the Prohibition vote being 8,382.

REPUBLICAN ESTIMATES.

The chairman of the Republican state committee issued the following at 1:30 a.m: "If the present ratio of gains is kept up we estimate Foraker's majority over Hoadly at 21,000. Our advices on the legislature indicate a Republican majority on joint ballot, but we are waiting for more definite reports from Hamilton county. We cannot get the Democratic Executive committee to give us any estimate."

The Republican Central committee claim to have elected representatives in Madison, Adams, Delaware, Morrow, Morgan, Washington and Ross counties, and 1 senators in the 14th, 21st, 27th and 29th districts.

FORAKER PLEASED.

Judge Foraker spent the night in an office near the telegraph building, where, with a few friends, he read the returns. He was pleased with the first indication, but was not quick to claim an advantage. When the news became certain he was an expression of relief. He received many telegrams of congratulation, and after his net gain had reached a figure sufficient to overcome the majority against him in 1883 he went to his home on Walnut Hill.

DEMOCRATIC CLAIMS.

The Democratic State committee claims the election of 51 members of the House of Representatives certain, and 12 doubtful, and 21 sure in the Senate.

THE DEMOCRATS GIVE IT UP.

Republicans in Columbus claim from 15,000 to 18,000 majority on governor. The Democrats concede the state is Republican by 12,000. Republicans claim the legislature on joint ballot, regardless of the result in Cincinnati.

THE LEGISLATURE REPUBLICAN.

Estimates made in Cincinnati on the legislature, excluding Hamilton county, give the Republicans 17 Senators and 60 Representatives. The legislature is composed of 37 Senators and 110 Representatives, of which 74 would be a majority on joint ballot. This would make the legislature Republican without Hamilton county. Chairman Bushnell, of the Republican state committee, estimates the Senate 17 Republicans, and four close districts to hear from, the House 58 Republicans, with six close counties to be heard from. This excludes Hamilton county.

THE LATEST FROM THE OHIO ELECTION.

In the following named counties, according to returns now received, the Republicans have elected representatives: Adams, Ashtabula, Athens, Carroll, Champaign, Clark, Clinton, Columbiana (2), Cuyahoga (6), Delaware, Fayette, Franklin (2), Fulton, Gallia, Geauga and Lake, Greene, Guernsey, Hancock, Hardin, Harrison, Highland, Huron, Jackson, Jefferson, Knox, Lawrence, Logan, Lorain, Lucas, Madison, Mahoning, Medina, Meigs, Miami, Morgan, Muskingum (2), Noble, Portage, Preble, Ross, Scioto, Stark, Summit, Trumbull (2), Union, VanWesrt, Warren, Washington, Wood—total, 58.

The Democrats elect representatives in the following counties: Allen, Ashland, Auglaize, Brown, Butler, Clermont, Coshocton, Crawford, Darke, Defiance and Paulding, Erie, Fairfield, Franklin, Henry, Hocking, Holmes, Licking, Lucas, Marion, Mercer, Monroe, Montgomery, Ottawa, Perry, Pickaway, Pike, Putnam, Sandusky, Seneca, Shelby, Stark, Tuscarawas, Williams and Wyandot—total, 36

CINCINNATI

The counting of the returns is in a chaotic state. In precinct F of the Nineteenth ward when the count had proceeded so far that 284 unscratched Democratic tickets and 56 unscratched Republican tickets had been counted, the judges stopped their work and it has not been resumed. In precinct I the box has not been opened since the polls closed, because one of the judges holding the key cannot be found. There are 242 votes in this box according to the dial. These two precincts and one in the county are missing from the tables, from which it appears that Foraker has a majority of 537 in Hamilton county. The country precinct which is missing last year gave a Republican majority of 71. The total vote in precinct F, Nineteenth ward, is 454. From this data Republicans claim that Foraker has carried the county.

THE VOTE FOR GOVERNOR.

Below is given the unofficial vote in all but three counties of Ohio, showing the pluralities in each for Hoadly or Foraker:

Counties.	Foraker. Pluralities.	Hoadly. Plural.
Adams	282	....
Allen	....	1208
Ashland	....	746
Ashtabula	3813	....
Athens	1665	....
Auglaize	....	1774
Belmont	653	....
Brown	....	250
Butler	....	2960
Carroll	500	....
Champaign	1045	....
Clarke	1950	....
Clermont	....	250
Clinton	1408	....
Columbiana	1400	....
Coshocton	....	700
Crawford	....	1905
Cuyahoga	3888	....
Darke	....	1135
Defiance	....	1034
Delaware	294	....
Erie	....	566
Fairfield	....	1532
Fayette	1050	....
Franklin	....	595
Fulton	804	....
Gallia	1306	....
Geauga	1843	....
Greene	2036	....
Guernsey	750	....
Hamilton	....	....
Hancock	....	470
Hardin	49	....
Harrison	629	....
Henry	....	1500
Highland	180	....
Hocking	....	544
Holmes	....	1900
Huron	990	....
Jackson	890	....
Jefferson	1800	....
Knox	....	158
Lake	1537	....
Lawrence	1465	....
Licking	....	1197
Logan	1300	....
Lorain	2700	....
Lucas	198	....
Madison	408	....
Mahoning	700	....
Marion	....	730
Medina	1059	....
Meigs	1436	....
Mercer	....	1800
Miami	872	....
Monroe	....	1895
Montgomery	....	517
Morgan	500	....
Morrow	950	....
Muskingum	471	....
Noble	285	....
Ottawa	....	....
Paulding	....	9
Perry	....	100
Pickaway	....	788
Pike	....	320
Portage	425	....
Preble	233	....
Putnam	....	1783
Richland	....	1176
Ross	428	....
Sandusky	....	208
Scioto	979	....
Seneca	....	856
Shelby	....	1000
Stark	....	250
Summit	1513	....
Trumbull	3092	....
Tuscarawas	....	750
Union	1104	....
Van Wert	85	....
Vinton	....	6
Warren	1479	....
Washington	816	....
Wayne	....	883
Williams	....	126
Wood	795	....
Wyandot	....	750
Total	53386	33201
Foraker's net plurality	20185	....

SEN. SHERMAN.

Sen. Sherman said that he thought the Republican majority on joint ballot in the legislature would not be less than twelve, without counting Hamilton county. He expressed some surprise at the delay and unusual indications in Hamilton county, but believed a fair return would be made, which would give the Republicans at least eight of the ten members of the House, and three out of the four members of the Senate. He said: "The election is an emphatic protest against the fraud and violence in the South, besides tending to settle the temperance question and serving as a warning to the free trade element."

JUDGE FORAKER INTERVIEWED.

Judge Foraker, governor-elect, being asked what he regarded as the leading motives that led to the results in Ohio, said:

"First—The Republicans regarded it important that a decisive expression should be given at the first election after the beginning of a Democratic national administration.

"Second—They determined to give an expression in favor of a free ballot and a fair count in all our elections.

"Third—Distrust concerning the free trade tendencies of the Democratic party, coupled with a recognition of the necessity of maintaining the Republican ascendancy in the United States Senate.

"Fourth—Disgust with the Democratic state administration in Ohio, notably the election of the last senator, and the extravagance of the last legislature.

"Fifth—A wish to have the liquor traffic regulated and taxed as a practical method of dealing with the subject, and dissatisfaction with the Democratic position of license, which is impracticable."

INDIGNATION IN CINCINNATI.

The irregularities and alleged gross frauds in connection with Tuesday's election in Cincinnati has made a most profound impression on all classes of well-meaning people. The palpable crime of putting more than 200 votes in one box in excess of the registration for that precinct has aroused the deepest indignation, especially in the German quarter of the city. A little meeting, quite private, was held to discuss plans. Fiery talk was indulged in and a general understanding that steps would be taken for calling an indignation meeting. The matter was discussed, but no final call was made. Notwithstanding this there was a large gathering about Turner Hall at night, and an application was made for the hall for the purposes of holding an indignation meeting. The proprietor took advice and refused to open the hall. The men lingered about the place, some uttering most violent denunciation of the leaders, whom they regarded as responsible for the violations of law, and counseling summary measures. Others argued in favor of moderation, and urged that the fullest possible support be given to the committee of 100, which is now at work preparing for the discovery and prosecution of offenders against the law. As there was no opportunity to hold a meeting, the crowd finally dispersed.

The police authorities had notice of the proposed indignation meeting, and fearing that it would result as the one held at Music hall to denounce the Berner trial, when the mob burned the court-house, strengthened the force, and used all precautions to meet such a result.

The holding of an indignation meeting has been discouraged by Mayor Smith, and by all who wish peace, but there is a widespread feeling that some action should be taken to preserve the purity of elections.

COMPLETE RETURNS.

Complete unofficial returns on the head of the ticket in Ohio have now been received. The counties not given last night are: Brown, 800 plurality for Hoadly; Hamilton, 3400 for Hoadly; Ottawa, 1,159 for Hoadly. This makes a total of 53,201 for Foraker, and 35,513 for Hoadly—Foraker's majority 17,688.

THE LEGISLATURE.

Returns on the legislative ticket continue indefinite, owing to the uncertainty as to the result in Hamilton county. The Republicans claim four senators and nine representatives in Hamilton county, and the Democrats claim the whole delegation—four senators and ten representatives. Only the official count can determine it. Omitting Hamilton county, the closest analysis that can be made is that the Republicans have elected to the House 58 members, Democrats 41; doubtful, Stark county, 1. In the Senate—omitting Hamilton county—the have 17 and the Democrats 16. The returns show that the Republicans Twenty-first district, which is given to the Republicans in the above count, is not conceded by the Democrats.

NEARLY A RIOT AT COLUMBUS.

Great excitement was caused in front of the Democratic headquarters on Broad street, Columbus, at 3 p. m. Friday, and a riot was narrowly avoided. Soon after noon some one about the headquarters caused to be hung across the street in large form, a "bloody shirt," with the inscription, "New North! New South! A New Deal! The Last of the Bloody Shirt!" It is said that a G. A. R. man called and gave the committee a half hour to have the shirt taken down, and by order of a member of the committee it was being done, when a man from Republican headquarters grabbed the garment, and after soaking it with kerosene, returned and burned the shirt in front of the Democratic headquarters. A crowd of several hundred gathered, and the greatest excitement prevailed. The counsels of cooler heads prevailed, and after much loud talk and threats the crowds dispersed. The yelling caused the people to leave their business, which many locked their doors. The Republicans denounce it as an insult, and both sides are condemned by the better citizens for participating in a move which, in the present political fever heat, might have led to a great loss of life and property.

THE CINCINNATI OUTRAGE.

The executive committee of the citizens committee of one hundred Friday sent a letter to the Common Pleas court asking it to summon at once a special grand jury to examine into the violation of the election laws of Ohio, committed in Hamilton county, and to indict all persons against whom a reasonable amount of evidence shall be adduced. The commissioners, discouraged about getting warrants fairly served by the present police force, have determined to move against election offenders through warrants sworn out before magistrates and served by constables. Money is being subscribed freely to the commissioners, about $4,000 having already been received.

Three Democratic clubs held meetings last night, and adopted resolutions charging gross frauds by Republicans in the recent election in Hamilton county, in denouncing judges and clerks and in purchasing votes. They declared in favor of prompt prosecution of all offenders. To this end the Jefferson club appropriated $2,500, the Duckworth club, $3,500, and the West End club, $1,500.

The attorneys of the committee of 100 engaged in the prosecution of offenders against the election laws at the recent election appeared in the Police court and preferred charges to-day against Edward Hudson, chief of police, for dereliction of duty in failing to serve warrants placed in his hands by the committee, October 8-9, for the arrest of seven men charged with violation of the registry law. The attorneys stated that one of the men against whom warrants were issued, is now a policeman; another served as a special policeman on election day; and one or two others were well-known to Col. Hudson and the police. Col. Hudson explained that he gave the warrants to lieutenants. The court ordered the lieutenants to be brought in to answer, and continued the case against Hudson until Monday.

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THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Carl Schurz.

It is said that the President has offered the presidency of the civil service commission to Carl Schurz, and that negotiations are going on to persuade Mr. Schurz to accept it. A friend of Schurz said that he thought the latter would be willing to serve on account of the good that he thinks he can do in such a position. Congress will be asked next winter to raise the pay of the civil service commissioners. The present salary is $3,500.

Guarding Against Smallpox.

A circular, approved by the President, in regard to the maintenance of quarantine inspections on the northern frontier of the United States, has been issued to the medical officers of the Marine hospital service, collectors, officers, and others concerned, by Supervising Surgeon Gen. Hamilton.

Among other rules are the following: First, until further orders all vessels arriving from ports in Canada and trains of cars and other vehicles crossing the border line must be examined by a medical inspector of the Marine Hospital service before they will be allowed to enter the United States, unless previsions shall have been made by state or municipal quarantine laws and regulations for such examinations. Second, All persons arriving from Canada by railroad, or otherwise, must be examined by such medical inspector before they will be allowed to enter the United States, unless provisions have been made for such examinations as aforesaid. All persons coming from infected districts not giving satisfactory protection from smallpox will be prohibited from proceeding into the United States until after such period as the medical inspector or other sanitary officer, duly authorized, may direct.

Inspectors will vaccinate all unprotected persons who desire, or are willing to submit to vaccination, free of charge. Any such person refusing to be vaccinated shall be prevented from entering the United States.

A Rebuke to the President.

Sen. Eustis, of Louisiana, refused to be interviewed, but to a personal friend he said that he regarded the Republican victory in Ohio as a rebuke to the President, as Hoadly was the administration's candidate. He added that he stood by all his utterances in his article in the *North American Review*, and that passing as a senator upon nominations he would be guided by his own judgment, and not that of the President. He felt satisfied that the Republican party would sustain him (Eustis) in his opposition to the policy of the President.

The *Critic* says a well known Tennessee Democrat could not conceal his disgust. He had been expecting a victory, and as it did not come, he is blaming Mr. Cleveland. "I now believe," said he, "that New York will as certainly go Republican as that a goose goes barefooted. If it does, I will not be sorry. It will be a big slap at this administration, and it will teach Mr. Cleveland that he cannot pander to about one-fiftieth part of the party. This mugwump business is played out. It may prove to us a blessing in disguise if New York goes Republican next month."

Exports of Breadstuffs.

The chief of the Bureau of Statistics reports that the total values of exports of domestic breadstuffs from the United States during the month of September, 1885, and during the three and eight months ended Sept. 30, 1885, as compared with the corresponding periods of the preceding year were: September, 1885, $9,067,700; 1884, $13,631,345; three months ended September, 1885, $25,990,571; 1884, $42,522,156; nine months ending September 30, 1885, $102,-344,248; 1884, $210,666,533.

Value of Exports.

The chief of the bureau of statistics reports the total values of exports of domestic cattle and hogs and of beef, pork and dairy products from the United States as follows: In September, 1885, $7,794,691; for 1884, $7,5 9,246; dairy products for five months ended September 30, 1885, $6,553,446; for 1884, $9,426,739.

Local Bounty.

Second Comptroller Maynard has made a decision in the case of Major L. Middleton, late fireman U. S. N., that upon discharge of claimant the government cannot retain any part of the local bounty received at the time of enlistment. Middleton enlisted in August, 1864, and received $300 bounty from the town of Bloomfield, in which he was credited. He was discharged in August, 1865, because the government no longer required his services. When paid off the paymaster deducted from his pay $150, being one-half of the local bounty received. The comptroller holds that this deduction was unauthorized by law; that the local bounty of claimant belonged to him by virtue of a contract made with the municipality by paying it, and that the United States could not lawfully appreciate any part of it to its own use.

Christians in China.

A report has been received by the secretary of State from Consul Charles Seymour, at Canton, China, enclosing pamphlets issued by the Shanghai and Hankow committees, describing the persecution of Christians in China. Mr. Seymour says the material in these pamphlets is from the pens of eminent American, English and German missionaries, and is published with the purpose of disseminating information that may lead to better provision being made by western powers for protecting native Christians from persecution in China. He continues: "The persecutions of which the missionaries complain comprise robbing, or destruction of the chapels; robbery, beating, blackmailing, and imprisonment of native christians, often with the encouragement of local authorities; and the refusal of the authorities to punish the offenders, protect the Christians, or take measures to secure restitution. It is not intended to leave the impression that the Chinese authorities have in every case been unwilling to deal justly by native Christians. On the contrary, the not infrequent aid rendered by local officials in quelling outbreaks is gratefully acknowledged."

Smallpox Inspection.

The surg on general of the marine hospital service has received a letter from Surgeon H. W. Austin, descriptive of a visit made by him regarding the system of inspection on the Canadian frontier. He says he is satisfied that the inspection service is well and faithfully conducted, and that every practical precaution has been taken to guard against the introduction of small pox into the United States. The Canadian authorities, he says, are also doing all in their power to check the further progress of the epidemic.

Annual Reports.

All the bureau and department officers are engaged in the preparation of their annual reports, and the President has sent word around that he wants everything completed and in his hands before November, when he will commence the work upon his message. This is accompanied by an order prohibiting the communication of the contents of any of the reports to the press until they shall first be read and approved by the President. This is a new thing now. Heretofore all heads of bureaus have given out abstracts of their reports a month or six weeks before they were submitted to Congress, and the President has never wanted to see the documents, either in manuscripts or print, unless there happened to be something out of usual importance or significance in them requiring attention in his message.

A Good Story Spoiled.

The extraordinary story is in circulation in the West that Gen. Logan, at the battle of Hartsville, Tenn., was captured and pretended to be dead so that he might be left on the field, and that his sword was taken from him. The following interview had with Gen. Logan shows how baseless and ridiculous the report is:

"Have you seen the statement that is being published in many of the papers of the country," Gen. Logan was asked, "stating that at the battle of Hartsville, Tenn., you were captured, but pretended death so that you were left on its ground, but that your sword and papers were taken from you? Is this true?"

"This is utterly false in every particular. I never was at Hartsville before the war, during the war, or since the war."

"The whole thing then is a fabrication?"

"It certainly is. Since you have called my attention to it, however, I will say that I have noticed recently that the Messrs. Payne, who make this statement, have changed the locality and say now that it was at the battle of Fort Donelson. If they make this statement applicable to me at Fort Donelson, it is just as false as the one they make in reference to Hartsville. At Fort Donelson I was severely wounded, but was left on the battlefield. I was taken to a hospital, had my wound dressed, and from thence was taken to Gen. Grant's headquarter boat 'Uncle Sam' and remained there till I was able to be removed. The statement that I ever played possum to prevent capture, or that I was ever near being captured by these or any other persons, or that I was ever defeated, or driven in battle, or was ever in any position whatever where my sword or papers could be taken from me by any rebel or set of rebels during the war, is utterly and wholly false. I have the same sword now that I had when I entered the service, and I expect to retain it."

Appointments.

The President has made the following appointments: J. S. H. Frink, to be United States attorney for the district of New Hampshire; B. W. Hoher, to be receiver of public moneys at Huron, Dak., and J. S. McFarland to be register of the land office at Huron, Dak.

Of the 600 changes made in the Presidential postmasters since the adjournment of the Senate, 249 were caused by removals of postmasters. By December 1 there will be nearly 100 vacancies in the Presidential offices, caused by the expiration of commissions and resignations, and it is the intention of the postmaster general to give his attention to those offices before making any considerable changes elsewhere.

There is a well supported rumor that Mr. Chas. Codman, of Boston, has accepted the place on the civil service commission to be vacated on November 1 by D. B. Eaton. Mr. Codman has been very reluctant to accept because the duties necessarily interfere with his private business.

The President has appointed Thos. N. Jerenigan, of North Carolina, consul of the United States at Osaka and Hiago, Japan.

Death of Malcolm Hay, Late Assistant Postmaster General.

Hon. Malcolm Hay died in Pittsburg this morning. He was born in Philadelphia in 1842; removed to Pittsburg in 1865, where he was admitted to the bar, and soon took a leading position. He has been a delegate to all the national Democratic conventions of late years, and was one of the Democratic commissioners sent to Florida in the Tilden-Hayes campaign. He was appointed first assistant postmaster general by Pres. Cleveland, on March 18 last, and left a sick bed to go to Washington to accept the position. He rallied for a short time, but the onerous duties of the position told on his delicate constitution, and he was compelled to resign. He returned home and from that till his death he has been unable to leave his house.

Minister Pendleton and the Bancroft Treaty.

Later information from Germany shows that Minister Pendleton has much graver cause for endeavoring to come to a better understanding with the German government as to the construction given to the Bancroft treaty than is apparent from the brief dispatch which announced that negotiations had begun. It appears that Bismarck has again given evidence of his increasing hatred of the United States by interpreting the Bancroft treaty in the severest manner against all German-Americans. Those who know most about the subject say that if he could have his own way, and dared enter upon such a course, the oppressive edict which is now enforced against the Poles in the northeastern province of Germany would find a parallel in the restrictive measures which would be adopted against German-Americans in the mother country, who have never rendered military service there. It is stated that German-Americans of this class in Germany have been notified that hereafter their residence there must be limited to a few weeks or months, and that if they in any particular during even that short period become troublesome, they will be subject to receive notice at any time to leave the country. It is claimed that the attitude which the German government has taken is in direct violation of the spirit if not the letter of the Bancroft treaty.

The G. A. R. Incensed.

Arthur Hendricks, of New York, a brave soldier in the Union army, was until recently a chief of division in the office of the register. He had been there a long time and was regarded as one of the most capable officers in the department. Monday his successor was sworn in. His name is Reid, and he served in the rebel army. The Grand Army of the Republic, of which Hendricks is a member, are highly incensed over the outrage. They think it strange that Gen. Rosecrans, the present head of the bureau, should in this manner discriminate against a Union veteran, and they will take occasion to express their disapproval of such a course, which is clearly a violation of the statutes. The matter goes to show how much love the Democratic party has for the boys who wore the blue and followed the stars and stripes.

The Indian Problem.

A new phase of the Indian problem confronts the Interior department. The question has arisen as to whether or not a whole tribe of Indians may be extradited for breaking the laws of a friendly government. Up in Montana is a tribe of Cree Indians who have just come over the border from Canada, bearing with them a lot of stolen goods supposed to have been plundered by them from the Canadians during the recent rebellion in the Northwest. They have been stopped by the agents of the Indian Bureau, but Canada has made no request for their extradition, and it is not known how they can be punished, unless the Dominion government should elect to have them sent back and try them for their crimes. If anything outside the regular course should be followed it would savor of kidnaping.

Notes.

The President has appointed Henry R. West, of Ohio, Indian agent at the Fort Peck agency in Montana.

The President has appointed James M. Childs, of Maine, to be United States consul at Guelph, Canada, and James H. Trumbull to be United States consul at Talcahuano, Chili.

A. M. Vincent, chief justice of the Supreme court of New Mexico, recently appointed Stephen M. Dorsey a member of the commission to draw grand and petit jurors for that territory. He has been suspended from office by the President.

Charles F. Olney, late assistant postmaster at Clarksburg, W. Va., has been indicted for opening mail matter addressed to other persons. From the inspector's report it appears he had a rival in the affections of a young lady living at Clarksburg, and could not resist the temptation of opening their letters and informing himself of his rival's progress. A warrant has been issued for his arrest.

United States Consul Mason at Marseilles has transmitted to the secretary of state a report of the wheat crop in France. The wheat harvest of this year, he says, has been a full average one, and not more than the usual deficit will remain to be supplied by importation. The importations to meet this deficit have already been larger than usual during the early part of the season.

The United States attorney for the western district of Tennessee, Mr. H. W. McCorey, has renewed his application to the department of justice to test the validity of the Bell telephone patent, and a similar application has been made by the Washington Telephone company of Baltimore, and both applications have been referred to the interior department for investigation.

The President is said to be much annoyed because Postmaster Pearson, of New York, an officer whom he nominated as the reward for the mugwump vote of that state, has announced himself in favor of the candidacy of Davenport. A Washington dispatch says that, although the President and the cabinet officers use various agencies to declare themselves for the Hill ticket, it is regarded as unseemly for Postmaster Pearson and Naval Officer Burt to express their political preferences.

The secretary of the treasury has requested the resignation of Mr. Benjamin P. Davis, deputy fourth auditor of the treasury, and has selected his successor, but the name is withheld for the present. The request for Mr. Davis' resignation was made over a week ago, but has not been complied with. It is said at the treasury department that changes will be made gradually in a number of other offices of a similar grade. The President has virtually decided to postpone the appointment of a superintendent of the coast survey until after the meeting of Congress.

Bob Toombs' First Love.

A special from Centralia Ill., relates the following: While the confederacy had their seat of government at Richmond, Toombs one day repaired to Gen. Winder's office, at Libby, and inquired for a prisoner, whom he named, and who turned out to be a boy-hood friend. The two had gone out with a New England regiment and had turned up in Libby. Toombs and the young prisoner had an interview of some duration, but what transpired none knew except that the latter was released in a day or so and sent home. It was related that Bob had formerly known a young girl who was none other than the soldier boy's mother, and above the roar and dine of battle the mother's appeal to the arch-rebel was heard and heeded, as herein shown.

Diphtheria and Typhoid Fever.

A Kittanning, Pa., special reports the diphtheria and typhoid fever raging with great severity in that place. While many cases are kept concealed, it is known that nearly 100 persons are down with one of these diseases, and the fatalities are very numerous, there having been 15 deaths within the last ten days. In several instances whole families have been stricken down. Every precaution is being taken to prevent a spread of the disease.

Diphtheria is raging at Eau Claire, Wis., in a malignant form. The mayor and board of health on Wednesday closed the West Side schools, four in number.

The Indianapolis Election.

The official figures are as follows: For mayor—Denny, Rep., 9,093; Cotterell, Dem., 9,033. For clerk—Brenning, Rep., 9,089; Shields, Dem., 9,202. The Prohibition vote was 149, and the Greenback 37. The Republicans have one majority in the council, and the board of aldermen is a tie.

Struck by Lightning.

The works of the Lafayette sugar refinery, eight miles south of Lafayette, Ind., were struck by lightning last night and burned to the ground. Loss, $18,000; insurance, $2,000.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Great Britain.

BOYCOTTING.

Three cattle dealers of Cork have abandoned their allegiance to the ring, and shipped 82 head of cattle to England by the boycotted steamers of the Cork Steamship company. Other dealers sent 169 head, via the Waterford route.

FREE TRADE ENGLAND.

The striking mill operatives of Oldham have decided to accept a five per cent. reduction in wages, with a further similar reduction three months hence if the trade has not improved in the meantime. It is hoped that the mill owners will meet this concession of the strikers, and resume work at their mills, which have now been idle about fourteen weeks. The decision affects over 700,000 spindles and 26,000 operatives. The strike was occasioned by a 10 per cent. reduction in wages.

AN INSPIRED EDITORIAL.

The London *Daily News*, in a powerful editorial, declares that Lord Hartington's leadership of the Liberals is a thing of the past. It says that Mr. Chamberlain is now the leader and that Lord Hartington has only himself to thank for his retirement. The editorial was probably inspired. Both Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain have recently visited Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden.

CHURCHILL AND CHAMBERLAIN.

Lord Randolph Churchill addressed a meeting at Lynn Regis, Norfolk, amid continued howls of a compact body of Radicals. His speech was a prosy one. He dropped his old tactics, and posed as a Tory of the old school. He agreed with Gladstone and Bright in favoring a middle course in the education disputes. He proposed that everybody pay one penny weekly for purely elementary education, and that the government increase its grants in order to supply deficiencies. He denounced Chamberlain's land proposals. He said he might possibly sanction small holdings, but the change must be effected gradually under the direction of parliament.

Mr. Chamberlain delivered a brilliant speech at Birmingham. He violently assaulted Lord Randolph Churchill, whose bright particular star, he said, was now eclipsed by the effulgence of his master, Lord Salisbury. Lord Randolph's vaunted brilliancy was all gone, and only coarse, flatulent abuse remained. Chamberlain, amid a terrific outburst of enthusiasm, concluded with a plea for extended liberties and confidence in democracy. He predicted that in the coming elections the Liberals would have the largest majority for half a century. He said he gloried in being abused; no other politician was so honored.

STEAD INDICTED.

The grand jury has found a true bill against Mr. Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the other prisoners in the Armstrong case, for abduction, conspiracy and indecent assault.

MRS. LANGTRY.

The case of Mrs. Langtry, who was summoned to appear before the county court of Chelsea for refusing to pay household debts contracted while living with her husband, came up for a hearing to-day, but was postponed till November 3, at the request of her counsel, who pleaded that his client could not appear, owing to professional engagements which could not be broken without serious damage to the defendant. A number of dressmakers' bills are among the items mentioned in the summons. Mrs. Langtry claims that her husband is responsible for the debts. Her friends state that he is unable to pay the bills, as the only source of income he has is an annuity allowed him by his wife, on condition that he does not molest her.

DARING PIRATES.

The British steamer Greyhound, trading locally in Chinese waters, has arrived at Hong Kong, and her second officer reports that a daring attempt was made by Chinese pirates to capture the vessel. The captain of the Greyhound was inveigled on board a pirate ship, and after being plundered, was killed. The pirates then attempted to seize the Greyhound, and a desperate fight ensued, in which the other officers and engineers of the little vessel were badly wounded. The Greyhound put on a full head af steam and escaped.

The Eastern Question.

STRICT NEUTRALITY.

Lord Lyons, the British ambassador, and M. De Freycinet, the French minister of foreign affairs, have arrived at an understanding by which their respective governments shall observe a strict neutrality if Turkey fights any of the Balkan states or Greece, and the other powers should hold aloof. It is believed that hostilities are inevitable, as both Servia and Greece disregard the injunction to adopt a peace policy, and state that they will keep quiet only on condition that they are compensated.

RUSSIA IMPATIENT.

The *Journal de St. Petersbourg*, in commenting on the Bulgarian question, shows signs of impatience at the delay in settling the difficulty, and says: "Russia will not submit to the dictation of M. Karaveloff, the Bulgarian prime minister. If the warning of the ambassador to Prince Alexander to pacify Roumelia at the risk of losing the union does not make Bulgaria return to reason, the fresh conference, to assemble shortly, will settle the difficulty on the same basis as the starting point in the present course of action."

A SECRET MISSION.

Prince Alexander has sent his confidential adviser on a secret personal mission to the Sultan. The ambassador will inform the Sultan that Prince Alexander is willing to go to Constantinople, in proof of his devotion, and that he desires a customs union and an offensive and defensive alliance between Bulgaria, Roumelia and Turkey.

ADVANCING ON SOFIA.

The Servians crossed the Bulgarian frontier ner Charkoi. They are now advancing toward Sofia, and are now near Dragoman pass. King Milan is in command, and a panic prevails at Sofia. Four battalions of infantry have gone to defend Dragoman pass. It is expected that Sofia will be captured by a *coup de main*. Austria has notified King Milan that whatever may be the issue of the present trouble, it will be useless for him to expect support from Austria. The railway companies in Austria and Hungary, and the Danucian Transportation company have been notified to prepare for the transportation of troops and munitions of war.

DIPLOMACY VS. WAR.

The *North German Gazette*, commenting on the situation in the Baikans, says: "The hope that diplomacy will succeed in peacefully settling the Roumelian difficulty has increased, in view of the fact that the Bulgarian authorities have arrested the leaders of several bands of Servian emigrants who had been endeavoring to stir up a revolt against King Milan, thus depriving Servia of her pretext for recrimination."

Turkey.

PREPARING FOR WAR.

Great activity prevails in military circles throughout Turkey. Troops are being hastily armed and equipped for immediate service. The Sultan has determined to fight against a further dismemberment of Turkey, and large bodies of troops are being rapidly concentrated on the frontier at strategetic points, within easy striking distances of Bulgaria, Greece and Servia. Troops, horses and field-guns are being despatched to the front night and day. The Moslems are enthusiastic, and volunteering in large numbers.

TURKISH TROOPS MOVING.

A large force of Turkish troops have been ordered to advance in the direction of Nissa. A battle between Servians and Turks is imminent.

THE RUSSIAN NAVY.

Russia is projecting large additions to her navy. The Servian advance has retarded negotiations between Servia and Bulgaria, through the medium of a third power.

THE SERVIANS.

The Servians have occupied Kosneak pass, which is on the Jerma river, and partly in Turkish territory, being in the Bulgarian Macedonian frontier.

THE BALKANS.

The London *Standard* says: Russia and Austria are unable to come to an agreement in regard to the Balkan difficulty. Prince Bismarck is determined to prevent war. The three powers have agreed to restore outwardly the *status quo ante*. Bulgaria, Servia and Greece will probably be choked off.

CLAMORING FOR WAR.

The council of Candia, the largest city in Crete, has voted in favor of a union with Greece, but the populace refuse to revolt against the Turkish government before Greece declares war.

The Greeks are wild with enthusiasm. Thirty thousand men of the reserves have been enrolled during the past five days, and thousands are arriving from all parts of Greece. The people are clamoring for war.

The Caroline Islands.

A meeting of the personages charged with reviewing the Carolines question, and elaborating a papal decision respecting the matter, has been held in Rome. The meeting appeared disposed to admit Spain's sovereignty over the Caroline islands, while at the same time deeming Germany's conduct in occupying the Island of Yap excusable, owing to the misapprehension which has existed regarding Spanish occupation of a number of the islands in question.

The Madrid *El Liberatu* says: "Spain has answered Germany's note respecting the Carolines question, and has accepted the papal mediation, and has sent documents to Rome to support her claims."

Burmah.

FRENCH INTRIGUES.

A dispatch from Mandalay says that M. Haas, the French consul, is ill and will return to France. M. Haas recently secured valuable concessions from King Thebaw for a French company, and it is alleged that his intrigues at the Burmese court were the cause of that government's arbitrary action in the case of the Bombay and Burmah corporation, which has resulted in the present troubles between Burmah and the government of India.

COMPLETE ANARCHY.

The London *Times* has advices to the effect that complete anarchy prevails in Burmah. It is expected the Dacoit tribes will storm Mandalay. A very hostile feeling is shown in Burmah towards foreigners, and a general massacre is feared. The Italian consul at Mandalay has been threatened with imprisonment.

WAR NOTES.

The gunboat Tigris is being fitted out at Calcutta with two heavy guns and four machine guns, for service on the Irawaddy river in Burmah.

The military officials at Madras are ready to dispatch troops to Rangoon on the receipt of orders.

Advices from Mandalay state that the authorities at the arsenal there are busily engaged in issuing war material and supplies, and that 3,000 troops are marching to Minhla and 2,000 to Toungt.

The Indian government's ultimatum to King Thebaw demands that the British envoy be given a fitting reception, and that the action of the Bombay trading company be suspended until the British envoy has examined the disputed point.

The soldiers serving in the Indian army whose time of service has expired, have been ordered to remain in India until the settlement of the dispute between King Theebaw, of Burmah, and the government of India, regarding the Bombay and British trading company.

A combined naval and military force is being rapidly fitted out at Calcutta to proceed to Rangoon. The expedition will number 10,000 men. France offers no obstacle to British annexation of upper Burmah, or a protectorate over Mandalay, the capital of Burmah.

France.

The municipal authorities of Marseilles propose to ask the government to expel the Orleans princes from France, and declare that an attempt to restore the monarchy is treason, and the penalty, death.

A Paris correspondent describes the trousseau of Princess Marie D'Orleans as gorgeous. Among the jewels are a pearl necklace, which was looted in the Chinese war by Gen. Palikao, valued at $10,000, and many costly diamonds. A beautiful assortment of bonnets also forms a part of the trousseau.

The returns of the elections show that the strength of parties in the new chamber to be 391 Republicans and 205 Conservatives.

Egypt.

The Italian government has received advices confirming the report of the death of Osman Digna.

Four hundred Abyssinians, who were wounded in the recent fight with Osman's followers, are camped at Ahmar. The march of the Abyssians to Kassala has been checked.

A Milan paper has received the following account from Massowah of the recent battle between the Abyssinians and the Soudanese rebels: "Rasaloula, the Abyssinian commander, with his forces attacked 10,000 rebels. The battle lasted twelve hours. After the death of Osman Digna, the rebels scattered, but continued to fight bravely. Several Abyssinian generals were slain."

Mexico.

The President has granted full pardon to all political prisoners except Editor Chivarri, of the *Monitor Republcano*, and Editor Guerrillo, of the *Correo DeLunes*. The pardoners pardoned include a number of newspaper editors and students. This action is hailed with great satisfaction by the people. Gonzales newspapers are now cordially supporting the administration, and the hopes of the Church party that the Liberal party would go to pieces are not to be realized.

Peru.

Mail advices from Panama say that Peru is still in a deplorable condition. Two messengers from Gen. Caceres to friends in Tarma, were captured by government forces, and most damaging letters discovered. Within a few hours the jails were crowded with friends of the mountain general, and some of the most prominent merchants were banished. Canon Medina, one of the most distinguished prelates of the cathredral, was also ordered to leave the country. Ten have fallen into the hands of the Caceristes. It is said that most horrible atrocities were committed by the rebel victors.

It is reported in Lima that heavy fighting has taken place between Monteneros and government troops.

Canada.

ASSISTED EMIGRATION.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885, the dominion government has spent over $350,000 on immigration. Assisted emigration since 1880 has cost Canada about $1,500,000.

TERRIBLE FIRES.

The whole country is burned in the neighborhood of Battleford, N. W. T. About 300 tons of hay, three dwelling houses, four stables and several horses have been burned. There is no food for horses and cattle that winter out, and hay is selling at $20 a ton.

RIEL'S CASE.

It is understood that the sentence of death passed on Louis Riel, the leader of the half-breed rebellion in Canada, will be commuted to lifelong servitude.

It is stated at Ottawa that the rumor prevailing in London that Riel's sentence would be changed to penal servitude for life, is without foundation, and that there is no power in England to change his sentence.

THE COLLEGE OF CARDINALS.

It is stated in Montreal that the vacancy in the college of Cardinals, created by the death of Cardinal McCloskey, will be filled by Archbishop Taschereau, of Quebec. When one of the Canadian bishops went to Rome, some time ago, in connection with the matter of the division of the diocese of Three Rivers, Cardinal Simeoni pledged him his word that in case of a vacancy occurring in the college, he would use all possible means to have it filled by Archbishop Taschereau.

A "SALTED" MINE.

Godfrey Smith and Franklin McLeod are being tried in the Supreme court at Halifax, N. S., for "salting" a gold mine and fraudulently disposing of the same to American purchasers. The mine is located at Chimeldock, Halifax. The prisoners, it is alleged, represented it to be a good paying mine, and fired a blast in the presence of the purchasers, which blew out a quantity of quartz and gold specimens, upon the strength of which the Americans bought the mine for $5,000 cash and $10,000 in shares. They invested $16,000 in machinery. The mine proved worthless. A miner named William Vaughn swore that he had been instructed by the prisoners to bore holes in the leads and fill them with gold and quartz previous to the firing of the blast. These were the "sights" and "specimens" sent up on deck as a result of the blast. His testimony was supported by that of two other witnesses. The case excites great interest in mining circles. It is the first of the kind ever in the Nova Scotia courts. It is said that, while the prisoners negotiated the sale of the mine and did the "thimble-rigging," the property was really owned by C. and W. Anderson, wholesale grocers in Boston.

A CHILD KILLED BY AN EAGLE.

While the wife of Jean Baptiste Ronilly, residing ten miles from Toronto, accompanied by her 2-year-old child, was feeding her fowls, a large bald-headed eagle swooped down and bore the little one off in its talons. The neighbors tourned out with shotguns, but the only effect of their firing was to accelerate the eagle's flight. The bird alighted on top of a barn a mile away and was seen to make several strokes at the child's head with its beak. The neighbors had got pretty close by this time, and frightened the eagle away. The child's body was recovered, but life was extinct, a hole having been made in its skull and a portion of the brain devoured by the bird.

SMALLPOX.

Eleven new cases of smallpox have been reported in Montreal in the past two days. For the past eighteen days of the present month the total number of deaths in the city and adjoining municipalities was 958.

Cholera.

There were 44 new cases of cholera and 21 deaths from the disease reported yesterday in Palermo.

During yesterday 53 new cases of cholera and 43 deaths from the disease were reported throughout Spain.

Notes.

The Austrian budget shows a deficiency of $25,000,000.

M. Roustan, formerly French minister at Washington, has been appointed governor of Tunis.

The British government has consented to the hiring of natives in Sierra Leone, Africa, to work as laborers in the Congo country.

Mr. Pendleton, the United States minister, purposes coming to an early agreement with the German government with reference to the Bancroft treaty, as cases of expulsion and enrollment of Americans living in Germany in the army have largely increased.

A report has reached the French foreign office that Austria is preparing to dispatch 60,000 troops to Bosnia and Herzegovinia.

Admiral Moit, commander of the French forces in Madagascar, has been recalled for disobaying an order of the war office in fighting the Hovas at Tarafat on September 10 last.

An ultimatum has been sent to King Theebaw, ordering him to reduce the claim against the Bombay trading company, to remove the restrictions against English traders, and to accept a British resident at Maudalay. Gun-boats have been ordered to Rangoon, to await orders to enforce the government demands by a demonstration at Mandalay, No troops are being prepared for operations against Burmah.

Trouble in Indian Territory—Cherokees Dissatisfied.

Intelligence from Indian Territory is to the effect that the Cherokees are considerably stirred up concerning the misapprehension made in the sale of certain lands to the United States government for $300,000. The purchase money was paid some time ago, and divided pro rata among the Cherokees only. The lands sold were supposed to be those conveyed some time ago for the use of divers Indian tribes, but it appears that the sale covered what is known as the Cherokee strip, embracing a strip of several million acres. Another subject of dissension is the lease of millions of acres of land to cattle syndicates. The Cherokee strip itself is embraced in three leases. Bushyhead is reported as having said to Sec. Lamar that the Cherokees are well satisfied with the leases, and want the cattle to remain. This statement is denied by the Cherokees. As a matter of fact, the leases have been a source of trouble from the outset. A bitter fight is being made against Chief Bushyhead, and his administration, and it is expected to break out against him in the legislature, which meets in November, with great violence. Of the 74 members, senators and representatives who comprise the council, a majority is put down as antis, and it is expected that his official acts which in any way affect the general welfare will be closely investigated. He was elected principal chief in 1883 for a four years' term. His administration has been of a progressive character.

Glenn's Scheme for Swindling—Foreign Postage Stamps and Curiosities.

Wm. C. Glenn, a youth of 20, has been lodged in the county jail at Chicago, to await a hearing before the United States commissioner on the charge of conducting swindling operations through the mails. Glenn lives at Rochelle, Ill., where he has been employed in the office with his brother, who is the postmaster at that place. Some time since young Glenn is said to have begun negotiations with Eastern dealers in foreign postage stamps, and curiosities of that description, under half a dozen fictitious names: the Second National bank of Rochelle was given for reference as to the solvency of each of these mythical persons. This bank existed only on Glenn's fancy letter heads, which also gave the names of its imaginary officers and the amount of its supposed capital. Glenn received all the letters addressed to the bank, and gave the fictitious persons excellent financial ratings. These several imaginary persons then ordered large quantities of merchandize on time. Glenn is said to have received from $100 to $500 worth of goods from A. F. Simms & Co. of Alexandria, Va., E. B. Sterling, of Trenton, N. J., and William Wetterer, of Baltimore. Complaints were made at the Postoffice department by A. F. Simms & Co., and an inspector was put on the case. After weeks of watching and investigation, young Glenn was arrested Saturday. A search of his room at his father's house, revealed about $1,200 of the stamps and other articles shipped by the Eastern firms.

The Carlyle-Emerson Correspondence.

In regard to the report that portions of the late Emerson-Carlyle correspondence had been stolen, Mr. Edward Emerson, of Concord, son of the poet, gives some of the facts. Shortly after Carlyle's death, it became known to Mr Emerson that many of the letters were missing, and after long and trying search the robber was found to be no other than a private secretary of Mr. Carlyle, who has since died. This person had scattered the letters broadcast throughout the leading cities, his design being apparently to distribute them where the attached autograph would bring the highest prices. The possession of these letters became virtually necessary in the preparation of the correspondence and many of them were finally secured through advertisements and by paying liberally for them. Others are still missing and the matter of their recovery has been placed in legal hands.

The matter has been kept from the public until such time as it was thought they could assist in their recovery. The stolen letters have been circulated for sale chiefly in London and New York. Mr. Emerson has slight hopes of being able to secure the letters necessary to complete the next edition of the Emerson-Carlyle correspondence.

Hundreds of Millions.

A large meeting of the Pennsylvania and Ohio heirs to the Harlem property in New York, was held at the Home Hotel, Pittsburg, under the presidency of Hon. Walter Shupe, of New York. A report was presented by the Rev. W. R. Covert, who has been for some weeks in New York in the interest of the claimants. He said that he had been over the entire territory in dispute, and that everything is in readiness for the preliminary steps, which will be taken in December, unless work on the Harlem canal, which is to run through the property, should necessitate an injunction to compel the government to pay for the right of way. Mr. Shupe stated that it was proposed to retain ex-Sen. Evarts and other prominent counsel, and that the ablest legal talent in the country had coincided in the opinion that the claims was a just and good one. The property is valued at hundreds of millions of dollars, and prominent lawyers have agreed to accept stock in the syndicate in payment of their fees.

Reign of Terror in Louisiana.

A special from Little Rock, Ark, says: Advices have been received here from Bienville Parish, La., to the effect that a reign of terror exists in some parts of the parish. The trouble originated in an old feud dating back several years. Two men named Forrester have been dangerously wounded, and others, both white and black, have been taken into the woods by armed and masked men, and whipped nearly to death. Gov. McEnery has issued instructions that efforts be made to capture the perpetrators of the acts, and it is reported that several persons have been arrested.

Disemboweled by a Grizzly Bear.

Joseph Riggs, who, with a party of friends, was hunting in the Rockies, was killed in an encounter with a grizzly bear on Friday last. He shot the bear before he was killed himself. After Riggs had discharged his last cartridge, the wounded bear rushed at him and a death struggle ensued. Drawing his long knife Riggs stabbed the ferocious animal in the heart, but not until he himself had been disemboweled. His body was found by his companions several hours after the fatal struggle, and was taken through Bismarck Sunday, enroute to his former home in Canada.

A Husband's Terrible Mistake.

At Livingston, Ala., Mr. Wm. Eastland, a prominent citizen was awakened during the night by a noise near his premises. Having been warned that his house would be burned, he suspected that the effort would be made and sent his wife and child to the barn, while he laid in waiting for the incendiaries. Nearly an hour passed and no sound was heard. His wife, fearing he had met with foul play, returned to the house, and was mistaken for one of the incendiaries by her husband, who shot her as she approached, causing her instant death.

Challenged by the Prohibitionists.

A letter from Fred. F. Wheeler, chairman of the New York Prohibition State committee, addressed to C. S. Cole and John O'Brien, chairmen, respectively of the Republican and Democratic state committees, is made public. In it he charges that both parties are pledged in their platforms against prohibition, and challenges them to arrange for a triangular discussion by the three candidates for the governorship on the questions at issue. He suggests five meetings at different points in the state.

Foraker in New York.

Gov.-elect Foraker is expected in New York Thursday. Arrangements are being made for a mass meeting in Madison Square garden Friday evening, at which he will be the principal speaker. Sen. Evarts will preside, and Hon. Ira Davenport and Gen. Carr, with a majority of the other candidates on the ticket, will be in attendance.

Unconstitutional

During the last session of the Michigan legislature a law was passed prohibiting the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine. The Wayne county court has decided the law unconstitutional, for technical reasons, and because it prevented men from engaging in legitimate business.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Mrs. Wilbur F. Storey, of Chicago, says she will sell the Chicago *Times*. She has had several offers for the paper.

There will be a winter carnival at Burlington, Vt, taking the place of that at Montreal, prevented by the small-pox.

Gov. Eaton, of Colorado, has issued a proclamation raising a quarantine against cattle from Missouri, Indiana and Ohio.

On motion of Sen. Call, of Florida, a colored lawyer of that state was admitted to practice before the Supreme court of the United States.

Gen. William Howard Irwin, formerly of Gen. Hancock's staff, now residing at Louisville, Ky., has became insane. He is 65 years old.

It is estimated that in the heart of Chicago there have already been laid 2,000 miles of underground electric wires, and the work goes steadily forward.

An injunction has been granted against the Illinois State House commissioners restraining them from placing certain statues in the rotunda of the Capitol at Springfield.

A state convention of the colored people of Kentucky will be held November 26 at Lexington to protest against the treatment received at the hands of the dominant whites.

The Georgia legislature adjourned, after a summer session of 100 days. The most important bill passed was a general option law, under which many temperance elections will be held in various counties.

The National Association of laundrymen, in session in Boston, elected officers and adopted resolutions denouncing Chinese labor in general and Chinese laundrymen in particular. The next annual meeting will be held in Cincinnati.

Col. Bee, Chinese consul at San Francisco, has completed a compilation of statistics showing the number of arrivals and departures of Chinese from that port since the restriction act went into effect, May 6, 1882. The departures aggregate about 42,000; the arrivals 18,000.

T. J. Hawts, United States inspector of customs at San Francisco, has accused Deputy United States Marshal Mellus with having offered him a bribe to allow Chinamen who had been remanded back to China to come ashore. The matter has been investigated, and Mellus has been dismissed from the government service.

Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, formerly secretary of war, says that Pres. Arthur offered Col. Fred Grant a place in the army, and that the latter declined, giving as the reasons for doing so that to accept would seem to be putting himself beyond the reach of those who might have claims upon him as creditors, and this he would not do.

Excitement has been caused in Louisville by the exposure of an alleged scheme, by which the mayor and other municipal officials are said to be parties, to rush an ordinance through the council giving a subsidy of $1,000,000 to the Louisville Southern railroad, without submitting the question to a popular vote or complying with the general charter.

Perished in a Prairie Fire.

The news has just reached Fargo, Dak., that the wife and child of Seth Staunton perished in a prairie fire in Barnes county, 30 miles from Fargo, Saturday. The fire started from a threshing machine on the